

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 16, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



AUSTRALIA

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Cover, Australia

A kaleidoscopic place of lively energy, Australia is the latest big power to appear in sport. Herbert Warren Wind begins his colorful report on it, the first of two parts, on page 24.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

Next week



► Is bridge dangerous? No, but it can be hysterical. Jack Olsen writes of the masterful world of Expert Charles Goren and a raft of other noted and entertaining players.

► Something is always happening to Orlando Cepeda of the Giants: a home run, a bean ball, a riot. Roy Terrell tells the story of San Francisco's favorite ballplayer.

► Alfred Wright introduces Chas Dauterly, spry gentleman storyteller, bon vivant and friend of the famous, who golfs in the 70s and has the winning bet as his proof.

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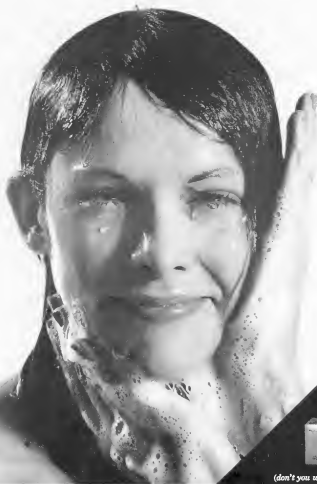
MEET from the publisher

The character of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (or of any magazine) is a combination of its editorial and advertising contents. The whole, if editors and advertisers judge correctly, reflects the breadth of interest of our readers. Our Contents Page each week reflects that interest editorially; here is an index of this week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED advertisers and their agencies:

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Dial to be sure!

Some soaps are soap. Some are not—they're detergents. Some give you deodorant protection—others do not. Dial is real soap with AT-7 in it to remove the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Mild and sure. The only soap for people who like people.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

A chance at the majors

The new baseball and football leagues are bringing the promise of big-time professional sports to cities which never had such teams before. Conspicuously absent from the widening athletic map, however, are the cities of the South. One little-discussed but vital reason: segregation.

By law, policy, or a chilly reaction at the gate, major southern cities have shown they will not accept integrated athletic events, and no professional team would care to leave its Wilt Chamberlains, Willie Mayses and Jim Brown at home.

Last week, however, an Atlanta lawyer named Eaton Chaikley forced his city to face its sports future. He obtained an American Football League franchise for Atlanta, added it to the Continental baseball league franchise he already holds and turned to the city government. Either convince Georgia of the city's right to hold integrated events in a state-owned stadium, he told the city fathers, or build a stadium of our own with no racial barriers restricting the choice of players.

If the council does neither, the franchises will likely be lost, and Atlanta will remain in the minor league Solid South.

Colors of the cloth

For most people, the big race was at Churchill Downs last week, but for the Rev. John Gibson it was in Fort Erie, Ontario. The 84-year-old Anglican clergyman fulfilled a lifetime ambition when he saw his filly, *She's a Gem*, win her first start. Reverend Gibson's colors: black with white collar, white halo on left shoulder.

Joak on Frank?

Faculty representatives at a meeting of the Atlantic Coast Conference were informally talking last week about possible new restrictions on football

scholarships. The thought horrified Frank Howard, Clemson's football coach. He planted his tongue firmly in his cheek and told the professors he had a six-point program for football de-emphasis entitled: If You Gotta Kill the Grand Old Game. The program:

- 1) Make the ACC an 11-member conference with each team playing a 10-game schedule against the other members. Post-season games would be banned.

- 2) Pool all gate receipts, and divide them up at the end of the season.

- 3) Pay all coaches the same salary; win, lose or draw.

- 4) Have a required academic curriculum for every player.

- 5) Limit each school to the same number of players.

- 6) Rotate coaches every four years ("Like the Methodists do with ministers").

Absurd? The other ACC coaches thought so, but Coach Howard may find some faculty members asking: "What's so funny?" (see page 22).

Pride before a fall

While four big leaguers were swinging like Little Leaguers in Chicago

JIM LEMON: SECURITY PROVES A TRIAL



(page 32) one of them was dressing like a Little Leaguer in Washington last week. Jim Lemon, the Senators' strapping left fielder, batted against Cleveland wearing a kid-style helmet which resembled a cap with ear muffs. He got two hits and a walk for the day, but the resultant razing made it plain his pride was more vulnerable than his head. Lemon hasn't worn the helmet since.

A ready roll

Because a retired Army general had a flat tire in Texas last year the Red Cross has a new lifesaving suggestion. The general, John O'Reilly, saw how much trouble a service station attendant had submerging his tubeless tire (wheel and all, of course) and wondered if inflated tires could be used as emergency life preservers.

He told the Texas Red Cross, which tested his idea. The Red Cross found that any spare tire, just as it is carried in the trunk of a car, will support six people hanging to its edge or one on top.

The heart of the matter

J. D. Steel, a senior lecturer in veterinary medicine at the University of Sydney, is getting to the heart of what makes harness horses go. After examining cardiograms of hundreds of horses at Harold Park, a Sydney track, Steel has devised a figure rating known as a Heart Score. Based on the size of the horse's heart, the Heart Score varies from 85 to 145. Steel is of the opinion that a horse must have a Heart Score of 110 or higher to be capable of winning three to six races at Harold, and, generally, his figures have borne him out.

Steel is coming here this week, but last desperate system betters besiege him for inside information: a disheartening word. Steel takes pains to point out that Heart Score is not a substitute for good training or driving, nor will it overcome a rough gait, bad barrier manners, unsound limbs, heavy worm infestations or wind defects. Nor, may we add, is it a substitute for the most intangible quality called heart.

Walden wild and wet

Walden Pond, on whose wild shores and idle waters Henry David Thoreau lingered more than 100 years ago, has, like much of that early,



WALDEN POND: TO BE THE WAY IT WAS

innocent world, been changed by bulldozers, a trailer camp named Walden Breezes, hot dog stands and old beer cans (SI, Oct. 28, 1957). In the name of recreation, trees were felled on the eastern shore to make an addition to the present beach area, a slope was stripped and a concrete bathhouse and a paved road to the water were proposed. On weekends, Walden Pond resembles a rustic Coney Island.

Last week the Massachusetts Supreme Court, acting on a suit brought against the Middlesex County Commissioners by a handful of Lincoln-Concord residents, backed by the Thoreau Society and a Save Walden Committee, ruled that the pond "must be violated no further." It ordered the commissioners to replant trees, restore landscaping and prevent erosion. Taking "judicial notice" of Walden, the court said improvements could be made only "so long as the physical aspect, character and appearance of the shores and woodlands are not essentially changed."

Bravo, and as Gerard Manley Hopkins once wrote:

*What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wilderness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wilderness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.*

Fitness note

Motorized carts have brought us golf without walking. Now, thanks to two Florida inventors who have marketed a magnetized metal tee which clings to clubheads, there is going to be golf without stooping.

Doubled off home

If Los Angeles, with its short (251 feet) left-field fence, is a pitcher's purgatory, Memphis is a hurler's hell. Forced to convert a high school football stadium into a baseball diamond after their own park burned down, the Memphis Chicks found themselves with a 40-foot screen in right field a scant 204 feet from home plate.

Last week, in the opener against the Birmingham Barons, 11 home runs were popped over the screen, and the Baron right fielder deserted his post completely, choosing to play behind second base instead, like a short center in softball. Southern Association President Hal Totten, appalled at the mess, ruled that all balls hit over the screen from now on will be doubles, not home runs. A good ruling, but it still isn't baseball.

Change of fortunes

In his three years at Redeemptorist High School in Kansas City, Mo., Coach Herb Higgins felt he had overcome all the vicissitudes of his business: injuries, bad houndes, flunked-out players and the rest. Riding high with a championship football team and a fine basketball squad, he was looking forward to next season. Last week diocesan officials turned Redeemptorist into a girls' school.

Blaze of glory

As any devotee of Sherlock Holmes knows, Silver Blaze took the Wessex Cup after Holmes had solved the mystery of his disappearance. What the devotee may not know is that a jumper named Silver Blaze has won two races this year. No phantom, this Silver Blaze is owned by Allison L. S. Stern, a New York stockbroker and member of the Baker Street Irregulars, a group dedicated to the perpetuation of Holmesiana.

Doing his bit for Sherlock, Stern has named horses Speckled Band, Irene Adler, Mycroft, Naval Treaty, Baskerville, Dr. Watson, Young Stamford and Final Problem. The big race for Stern's jumper is likely to be the ninth running of the Silver Blaze Handicap at Aqueduct in September. A little irregularity by the Baker Streeters has just about convinced Aqueduct to make the Silver Blaze, formerly run on the flat, a steeplechase this year. Summer book favorite? Elementary, my dear Watson.

FACES IN THE CROWD



RUTH HODGE, 21-year-old political science major at Wellesley, after taking first in her college's 90th annual hoop roll stated she wasn't ready to toss her hat into the matrimonial ring, despite tradition that winner will be first senior to marry.



BILL COLLINS, 31-year-old ex-Marine from Baltimore, upset Masters Champion Arnold Palmer in Houston Classic with a comeback, 3-under-par victory in 18-hole playoff. It was Collins' second win in three years of regular tournament play.



ED WORKMAN, 27-year-old sophomore at Lubbock (Texas) Christian College, won his third Best All-around Cowboy title of season when he placed first in barrel race riding and first in calf roping at Hardin-Simmons University's rodeo at Abilene, Texas.



DR. STUART H. WALKER, 37, Annapolis pediatrician, became first American jockeyman to win Princess Elizabeth Cup for International 14's when he guided his dinghy *Solide* to four firsts and one second in five-race series at Hamilton, Bermuda.



MIKEY SOLOMON (shown with honey), 17-year-old apprentice jockey from Hinsdale, Ill., who has been racing for less than a year, became the biggest news of Aqueduct meeting when he rode 14 of his first 32 mounts to victory, including five in one day.



GAIL RUTLEDGE, 17-year-old Olympic hopeful from Austin, Texas, who includes Shotputter Bill Nieder among her coaches, took part in her third track meet—the Bluebonnet Bell Relays in San Angelo, Texas—set most records in shotput, discus and javelin.

THE RIGHT TIME FOR COURAGE

There is little doubt, from the evidence cited on pages 22 to 25, that Indiana University is guilty as charged of something or other in connection with the recruiting of athletes, but the question remains: Just what is it guilty of? The simplest answer seems to be—of getting caught.

Virtually every sports-minded college these days seeks by hook or by crook to attract the most promising talent in the schoolboy athletic world to its campus. The main differences lie in whether the accent is more firmly on the hook or on the crook. Indiana's offense against the accepted standard was that its approach was blatant where that of the others is subtle, that it was bold and brassy where others are furtive and feline, that it was—in a manner of speaking—straightforward and outspoken where the fashion is to be devious and doubletalking.

We are not suggesting that Indiana, apparently operating in flagrant violation of the NCAA rules, should be forgiven its sins. We are suggesting that it should not be punished merely because of the flagrancy with which they were committed. There is, we believe, something basically wrong with an attitude that puts a premium on hypocrisy; that says high-pressure recruiting is all right so long as it is not made obvious.

"Even without any illegal offers," writes George Young, chairman of the NCAA infractions committee, in a recent magazine article, "high-pressure recruiting can distort a boy's sense of values. At worst, you have institutions of higher learning encouraging a boy to become a party to fraud and deception." The spider web of rules by which the NCAA seeks to control this tendency, and their inconsistent enforcement from one conference to another, abets rather than allays this evil.

Four years ago the late Herman Hickman, in collaboration with the editors of this magazine, formulated a set of nine basic rules for aiding athletes (SI, Aug. 13, 1956). The idea was not to

provide some magically foolproof formula but simply to standardize and clarify what was desirable—and feasible—for all parties concerned.

These Nine Points for Survival, as we called them, are reflected in many provisions of the present Big Ten code, and they still provide a perfectly good point of departure for an equitable grant-in-aid program that would be uniform in all colleges from coast to coast and from conference to conference.

We are not saying that they are the only rules that would work, but we are saying that if the NCAA wants to prove its sincere desire to stem the abuses of overzealous recruiting, it should have the courage to adopt some such simplified form and devote its greater energy to real enforcement. To make an example of one university because it does in the open what everyone else is permitted to do in the shadows is to make a Prohibition-era farce of the whole aid-to-athletes question.

NO TIME FOR HORSES?

Not every horse race can boast such drawing cards as Venetian Way, Bally Ache or even the poor unfrocked favorite Tompion, but they all can and do offer the attraction—and a fine attraction it is—of spirited Thoroughbreds competing against one another. This—*pari-mutuels* notwithstanding—we had always thought was the main idea of horse racing.

More and more, however, like the elephants that turned up on the program at Gulfstream recently, extracurricular diversions at the tracks have tended to put the ponies in second place. To stem this tide before it drowns horseplayers in a flood of promotional nonsense, we cite the case of the managers of New Jersey's Garden State Park. They planned a Memorial Day program to accompany the running of the Jersey Derby that included, among other things, a historical pageant on racing, a concert by a fife and drum corps descended from Civil War bandmen, and the re-enactment of a full-scale Civil War battle by the Living History Group of Big Pool, Md.

At the last moment Garden State discovered that with all of these high jinks there would be no time for the horse race and hastily revised its plans to read: extra added attractions one day, horse race the next.



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May 13 to May 19

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Friday, May 13

- AUTO RACING**
SCTA Cumberland Nat'l Championship Race, Cumberland, Md. (through May 15)
- BASEBALL**
★ St. Louis at Chicago (Mutual) *
- HARNESS RACING**
Lady Maud Stakes race, \$30,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- SHOOTING**
Great Britain skeet shoot, Chicago (through May 15)
- TENNIS**
Southern Pro-Drama Court Championships, Tuscaloosa, Ala. (through May 15)

Saturday, May 14

- BASEBALL**
★ Los Angeles at San Francisco (ABC) *
- ★ New York at Washington (Mutual) *
- ★ Pittsburgh at Milwaukee (NBC) *
- ★ St. Louis at Chicago (CBS) *
- HARNESS RACING**
The Messenger Stakes race, \$150,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
Delmonair Stakes, \$50,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Parale) *
- Bay Meadows Futurity, \$50,000 added, Bay Meadows, Calif.
- Bay Run Stakes, \$25,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.
- Carpe Headcup, \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- HUNT RACE MEETINGS**
Radnor Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.
- LACROSSE**
Johns Hopkins at Navy.
- ROWING**
Kerenski Sprint Champs., Worcester, Mass.
- Washington vs. California, Oakland, Calif.
- TRACE & FIELD**
West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.

Sunday, May 15

- BASEBALL**
★ Chicago at Cleveland (CBS) *
- ★ Pittsburgh at Milwaukee (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio) *
- GOLF**
★ World Championship Golf series, Dickson vs. Cooper, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Monday, May 16

- HARNESS RACING**
May Series, \$45,000, Westbury, N.Y. (through May 17)
- HORSE RACING**
William F. Kyne Memorial Handicap, \$40,000 added, Bay Meadows, Calif.
- HORSE SHOW**
D.E. Olympe Dressage Training Squad Trials, Scarborough, N.Y.

Tuesday, May 17

- HORSE RACING**
Gosco-Giff Stakes, \$15,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Wednesday, May 18

- BASEBALL**
★ Washington at Detroit (Mutual) *
- BOXING**
Perkins vs. Reid, lights, 19 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- U.S. First Olympic Trials, San Francisco (through May 20)
- LACROSSE**
Great Britain and Ireland women's team vs. Boston team, Waverston, Mass.

Thursday, May 19

- BASEBALL**
★ Boston at Chicago (Mutual) *
- GOLF**
Hot Springs Open, \$30,000, Hot Springs, Ark. (through May 21)
- Sanford Festival, \$10,000, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (through May 21)
- HORSE SHOWS**
Buffalo International Show, Buffalo (through May 22)

*See next listing

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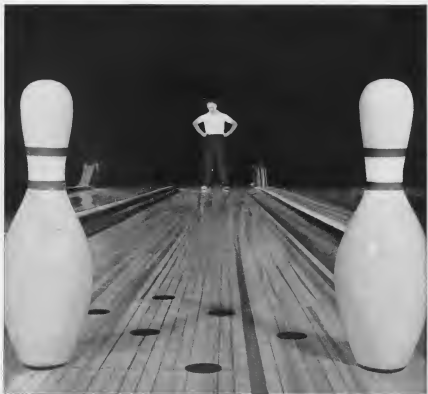
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SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
MAY 10, 1969

VENETIAN SHOWS



THE WAY

As last week's Kentucky Derby field turns into the stretch, the race is already won—by Venetian Way, who at this exact point is overtaking the faltering Bally Ache. For Whitney Tower's story, turn page



'HE WIN BIG — REAL BIG'

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE TENANT of Barn 17 at Louisville's Churchill Downs could hardly have been blamed if he had begged off running in the 86th Kentucky Derby because of a developing inferiority complex. All week long, as he gazed soulfully out of his stall, the beautiful chestnut 3-year-old named Venetian Way saw a continuous motorcade of newsmen and tourists heading for Barn 42, where the advance-billed stars of the show, Tompion and Bally Ache, hammed it up for their admirers.

Venetian Way had a few callers, but very few. The people he knew best were there constantly: 52-year-old Trainer Vic Sovinski and 73-year-old Owner Isaac Blumberg. As Saturday's Derby drew near, Sovinski started a few listeners: "I wouldn't trade my chances in this race for the chances of either Tompion or Bally Ache."

Owner Blumberg startled even Trainer Sovinski. "I think," said Blumberg, a shy Lithuanian-American who dislikes any and all forms of publicity, "that I'll watch the race from the backstretch with the stable hands—or else go back to the hotel and see it on television."

"Oh, no," said Sovinski. "This is one time you've got to sit in a clubhouse box, because this time you're going to win the Kentucky Derby. Take my word for it."

Sovinski apparently gave his horse the same word. On Saturday, third-choice Venetian Way literally ran away from the highly esteemed favorites, and the 86th Derby was his with remarkable ease. The minute it

was over he was being touted as the hottest prospect since Citation to go on and complete the classic triple crown by adding victories in the May 21 Preakness and June 11 Belmont Stakes.

In a sense, this Derby, run on a dull, cloudy and cold afternoon and over a track that was spotty and slick, was anticlimactic. The advance build-up was for a Bally Ache-Tompion stretch duel which never materialized. Venetian Way, who figured to be at best third in everybody's book, spoiled that prospect by leaving Tompion behind at the half-mile pole and overtaking Bally Ache on the stretch turn. Nothing that either of them could do after that was sufficient to threaten the winner's run to the wire. As they say around the barns, he win big—real big.

Tactically, the plan of the race was well known to all: Bally Ache would take the lead at the start and every other horse would have to catch him to beat him. The Bally Ache fan club had its own slogan: trying to beat Bally Ache would be like trying to lick a guy you can't even hit. He'd be off and running from the break, and no other horse would get close enough to him to run him into the ground.

The Tompion people figured their best chance was to stick close to Bally Ache and wear him down in the stretch where, finally, it would be proven that even Bally Ache's great courage wouldn't be sufficient to win at the Kentucky Derby distance of a mile and a quarter.

For his part, Vic Sovinski was confident of beating Bally Ache over a distance under any circumstances, and he also figured that if his colt was as fit as Tompion there was a good chance of putting him away, too. There had been, it is true, some preliminary sparring over Venetian Way

between Sovinski and Jockey Bill Hartack. A few days before the Derby, Hartack worked the colt too fast, according to Sovinski, and word quickly spread around the track that the two men were hardly on speaking terms any more.

Sovinski denied any open breach. "I was doing the training. Bill was doing the riding, and before the race I told him exactly what I thought he should do. We agreed perfectly, and, what's more, it worked perfectly. 'All I want you to do,' I said to him, 'is to get position going into the first turn—preferably fourth or third if you can—and the rest is up to you and him.' There was only one other instruction: 'Never turn his head loose. Just hold him together, and he'll run for you.'"

NO SURPRISE AT START

Bally Ache drew number three post position, Venetian Way was in number nine and Tompion was on the outside. To the surprise of nobody, Bally Ache rolled to the front immediately. The California longshot, Henrihan, a sprinter at best, went with him, and Willis Shoemaker, getting the best start in a long time on Tompion, steamed him down the middle of the track with such zip that they went into the clubhouse turn like a team abreast. At this point Tompion's chances never looked better, for he was virtually lapped on his leading opposition and there was still nearly a mile to go.

Forgotten by most was the fact that the Sovinski-Hartack strategy was already working to perfection. Venetian Way was just two lengths back of the leading trio. "If somebody had asked me where I'd have liked to be on the clubhouse turn," said Hartack later, "I couldn't have imagined a more ideal spot. This horse is easy to place, he has speed and you can put him anywhere. From then on all I had to do was to pick my way."

As they went up the backstretch, the timer's fractions were all Bally Ache's—23 2/5 for the first quarter,

continued on page 50

VICTORY ROSES envelop over-tireless Jockey Bill Hartack (left), who rode his second Kentucky Derby winner in four years. Typically, Hartack showed little elation after upsetting the two favorites.



CHEERFUL PRESIDENT Herman Wells of Indiana University roars with the great good nature for which he is famous, but he cannot laugh off NCAA decree.

WHAT'S

by JACK OLSEN

ON the hilly, green campus of Indiana University stands a half-completed \$4.5 million football stadium. With its naked beams and bare backside, it looks like the Colosseum at Rome, and, like the Colosseum, it is involved in a decline and fall. Indiana has been thrown—or possibly has jumped—to the lions.

For four years, the National Collegiate Athletic Association has just decreed, the university may not take part in NCAA championship and bowl games or in NCAA-controlled television programs. This last will deprive Indiana of about \$75,000 a year, no small amount for a school that financed its new stadium on a buy-now-pay-later basis.

The NCAA edict angered but did not dismay Indiana's jovial president, Herman Wells (*left*). Indiana boosters were less philosophical. "A pretty rough potshot!" cried one. "A raw deal!" said another. "A stab in the back!" The mildest word anyone used was "Inconceivable!"

Actually, the NCAA's position—inconceivable or not in Indiana—is clear: Indiana and its head football coach, Phil Dickens, practiced too much togetherness with potential footballers; money and expense-paid vacation trips home were promised, and athletes were nursed and coddled on campus. Ergo, Indiana is on probation, and that's that. There is no appeal.

It will surprise no realistic student of 20th century college football that beyond-the-rules recruiting goes on steadily and merrily, and not only in the Big Ten. The Southeastern Conference, for example, has been known on occasion to offer small county seats and castles in Bavaria to promising high school players. But within the Big Ten—most insiders agree—Indiana has played the fastest, the loosest and the bravest. The Hoosiers' bravery (some call it gall) may be seen in the fact that five of the six NCAA counts against the school go back to

SO FUNNY?

Not as much as you might think
from these pictures of officials at
Indiana University, doomed to
four years in the NCAA doghouse

1958, when Coach Dickens was already on probation for similar offenses against the commonweal.

Now that the NCAA has unleashed its thunderbolt, the reaction of Big Ten coaches and recruiters is most interesting for what it reveals by omission. Unspoken but clearly understood is the feeling that just about everybody is breaking the rules, but Indiana broke the rules badly, i.e., Indiana got caught.

Most of the people close to this situation are eager to talk, but few are willing to be quoted on the record. Explains a Chicago sportswriter and student of the Big Ten: "Whenever a new coach comes into the Big Ten, all the other schools brace themselves for the jolt of his recruiting techniques. The reason is he has four years in which to produce a good team. His success depends largely on how well

he recruits in his first year or so; those recruits will be the boys who will make or break his team four years later. Early in the 1950s Indiana hired Bernie Crimmins away from Notre Dame because he had been in charge of Notre Dame recruiting. But Crimmins recruited strictly according to the rules. His teams were unsuccessful and Dickens was brought in.

"Within a very short time there was talk among recruiters in Chicago of the jolting aggressiveness of Indiana's recruiting. This happened at a bad time. The Big Ten had just imposed its grant-in-aid rules, which demand that a parent pay as much of a boy's education as he could afford. The conference was under pressure to prove that the new system would work. That meant it had to crack down on violations to show it meant business. So it cracked down

on Dickens in the summer of 1957 and ordered him suspended."

A recruiter from another Big Ten school says: "Let's face it. We all do a little bit for the kids on the side. You almost have to these days if the kid is any good at all. But it's the way that Indiana did it that hurts recruiters everywhere. There was no finesse; the recruiter would just approach the kid, tell him how much he was worth, whip out the bankroll and peel off the green. When I'd show up to see a prospect, the Indiana recruiter would be standing in the corner. 'Come over and see me after you finish talking,' he'd tell the kid. And the boy would smile and say to me, 'Well, I guess I'm lucky you came today. My price ought to go up a few bucks.'"

High-pressure recruiting has always been the norm in the Big Ten;

continued

INDIANA DEFENDER AND ATHLETIC DIRECTOR FRANK ALLEN MUSTERS WEAK SMILE AS HE STANDS BEFORE UNFINISHED STADIUM



it was Forest Evashevski's talent to build Iowa into a football power with an extensive recruiting program which never (well, hardly ever) crossed the bounds of propriety. Star football players are kept happy at other Big Ten schools in a myriad of extralegal ways. One angel meets the players in the locker room after a game, shakes hands all around and deposits bills ranging from \$10 to \$50 in eager, sweaty palms. At another school, football players receive unsigned envelopes in the Monday morning mail with their weekly honorarium enclosed. Many Big Ten football players are carried on the payrolls of industry at \$40 or \$50 weekly; sometimes they show up for "work," and sometimes they stay in bed.

But in one respect the pattern is fixed and time-honored: coaches and athletic assistants leave the actual passing of money and arranging of deals to well-fixed alumni, thus avoid any entangling alliances with players who might have a tendency to collect and tell. This, apparently, is a fundamental axiom which Indiana violated. Another Midwest recruiter says: "Indiana had to get caught because it didn't use any class. Most places the money goes to an alumnus and he gets in touch with the boy. That's a hard rap to make stick; the NCAA might catch the boy coming into school on a plane ticket bought by someone other than himself or his

parents, but the kid could just tell them it came from a friend of his, and they couldn't prove otherwise. Indiana was dumb enough to buy the tickets for the kids themselves; some of their prospects showed them to me."

Ironically, this Indiana naïveté scared off some of the very prospects it wanted to corral. "The boys back off when you're not subtle with them," one Big Ten coach says. "A new suit, yes. Sixty-five dollars in cash, no. Look at the six players Indiana got rapped for. All of them must have been good football players to take the chance Indiana took, but only two of them showed up for school and one flunked out. That's a lot of trouble for one kid."

The NCAA's investigative machinery (one full-time man, one part-time) actually found Indiana guilty on these counts: an alumnus offered a student free vacation transportation between his home in New Jersey and Bloomington; an athletic representative offered a student the same travel pay, plus clothing, a \$500 bonus and a monthly payoff; an alumnus and an assistant football coach offered a young Virginia player \$800 cash plus a monthly stipend, plus medical attention for the boy's invalid father; and an assistant coach, using the alias of Dr. Palmer, offered a boy \$100 plus free vacation transportation. In addition, the NCAA charged, two prospective student-athletes were roomed and boarded free for eight days by "friends of the

university"—a Big Ten violation.

President Wells, a dedicated and respected educator who feels that athletics play a major role in college life and doesn't mind saying so, laid on an investigation of his own, concluded (to no one's surprise) that there was no basis for the NCAA action. Athletic Director Allen said, "To be perfectly honest and sincere, I don't think we violated any rules, and we were honest in our dealings with prospective athletes." And Coach Dickens declared: "It's a dad-burned shame. . . . I can honestly say that neither I nor any member of my staff have ever made any offer of any kind to any boy, or had knowledge of such offer. This is the gospel truth."

The whole state of Indiana, from Governor Harold Handley on down, had its ego geared to the great new athletic program under way at Indiana. A former president of the I.U. club of Indianapolis, Robert Freeman, took the predictable position that Indiana was the victim of a plot. "I think Dickens should be given a five-year contract right now, to run beyond this probation," Freeman said. "It looks as if his mistake was winning football games. Somebody just doesn't like to see Indiana win." Said I.U. graduate Nyle Benny: "It's inconceivable to me that the havenots like us are the only ones violating the rules. Besides that, we're getting punished for players we didn't get." In Louisville, Harry Amon, president of an I.U. varsity club, sent wires



"A RAW DEAL," SAYS GOVERNOR HANDLEY



NCAA'S ART BERGSTROM INVESTIGATES



BOOSTER HARRY AMON THREATENS SUIT



THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING CENTER AROUND COACH PHIL DICKENS, WHO GAVE OLD RECRUITING TECHNIQUES A NEW TWIST

demanding a congressional investigation of the NCAA, and threatened to take the NCAA to court.

"This NC—whatever it is—has taken a pretty rough potshot at I.U.," Governor Handley charged. "It looks like a pretty raw deal." Handley observed that the sins of the overzealous alumni were being visited upon the athletic program, an observation with which the NCAA could not agree. It found a smelly pattern, the NCAA pointed out, and the smelly pattern could be traced right back to Dickens and his staff.

A disturbing characterization of the problem—and one which conjures up all sorts of unpleasant questions about college football—came from one of Indiana's own recruiters. He noted that in 1959 alone, 117 prospective athletes agreed to go to Big Ten schools, then dropped out in favor of non-Big Ten schools after the deal had been signed, sealed and delivered. He cited the case of one boy who was all signed up, then quit to go to a Southwest Conference school. The boy's father explained: "I can't afford to pay his expenses to college when he can earn his expenses and maybe three or four times more." Says the Indiana recruiter with justifiable bitterness: "That's the type of thing the NCAA tolerates in raids by

other schools against the Big Ten."

Another complaint of the Hoosiers is the way the NCAA investigates. Neither Indiana's accusers nor the players involved have been named. No one knows who blew the whistle on the school (but there is general agreement it was someone outside the Big Ten). Indiana has not been able to face its accusers; it has not been able to issue subpoenas or swear witnesses. As angry Harry Amon said in his telegram: "In our courts even the most calloused felon is entitled to face his accusers. . . . The NCAA follows asinine regulations. . . ." The NCAA is not unaware of the creakiness of its judicial procedures; it points out that it does the best it can with what it has.

A final complaint from Indiana is the blanket nature of the penalty. The basketball team faces decimation, Indiana has, in recent years, developed swimming teams the equal of any in the country. (There was diligent recruiting here, too.) Since the NCAA action, two star high school swimmers who were "locked up" by Indiana recruiters have telephoned Ohio State to seek admittance. They did not want to enter a school where they would be shut out of all NCAA championship competition for their entire college lives. Too bad, answers the NCAA. When

a man goes to prison, his family is hurt, too, but the man still must go to prison.

The whole seething matter of Indiana and its indiscretions is far from settled. On May 18, the Big Ten athletic directors and faculty representatives meet in East Lansing, Mich., and the main item on the agenda will be what to do about Indiana. Some are betting that the Big Ten will demand Dickens' job, and that in return the NCAA will lift the probation. Others hint darkly of another deal: if Indiana will reverse its current anti-Rose Bowl stand, the Big Ten will go easy on Dickens and the university. One can only watch and wait and wonder; not all the firecrackers have gone off. The Big Ten made an investigation of the charges and may have some surprises of its own. So might Dickens. Little word has come from him, but he was overheard in the dressing room telling his assistants:

"Keep your opinions to yourself. All of us know we haven't done anything wrong, but anything you say now will sound like sour grapes. Our turn to talk will come later."

If Dickens and his recruiters should talk—and tell all they know and all they've seen about illegal recruiting elsewhere—the NCAA will have its work cut out for years.

END

VIVE THE FRENCH FINISH!

by CHARLES GOREN



TRIUMPHANT FRENCH INCLUDE JAIS, BOURCHTOFF, NEXON (GLASSES),

In a surprising reversal of form, a team of tenacious Gauls burst through with literally minutes to go to shatter the Italians' long mastery of world bridge

ITALY's almost total domination of world bridge for the last three years ended last week when the Italians suddenly—and surprisingly—went down to defeat in the first World Bridge Olympiad at Turin.

The new world champions are a group of young, aggressive Frenchmen who, with one exception, are amateurs. Pierre Jais, a physician, Roger Trézel, a gentleman farmer, Gérard Bouchtoff, a paper manufacturer, Claude Delmouly, the one professional (he runs a bridge school), René Bacherich and Pierre Ghestem, merchants, swamped the Italians in the last round and, in fact, the closing minutes of the grueling 12-day, 14-round Olympiad.

Their triumph in this match however, did not assure victory. They were still tied with the English, who in one stretch had won 12 successive matches. But the English, to the lasting joy of the French, came a cropper against my weary teammates, who had gone through most of the final

matches using only four players, Lew Mathe, Paul Allinger, Howard Schenken and Harold Oguat. A severe cold had knocked me out of action and left my partner, Helen Sobel, without a teammate whose style of play was familiar to her. Behind at one time by 17 IMPs, we rallied and in the closing hands forced the English to settle for a tie. It was no famous victory, but for the English—and the French—it was enough.

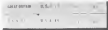
The wonder of the tournament was that the Italians lost. They had behind them three straight world championships and four straight European championships. Along with the English, they had gone through the qualifying rounds undefeated. But in the first playoff round, the two nations met, and the English (Terence Reese, Boris Schapiro, Albert Rose, Nico Gardener, Jeremy Flint and Ralph Swimer) won 66-58. The margin of victory was slight, but the Italians (Walker Avarelli, Giorgio Belladonna, Eugenio Chiaradia, Pietro Forquet,

Giancarlo Manca and Giorgio Franco) never recovered. The next day they dropped another, closer match to the U.S. team combination of Sam Stayman, Morton Rubinow, Ira Rubin, William Grieve, Oswald Jacoby and Victor Mitchell—one of three U.S. teams to reach the six-team finals. In the third round they defeated my depleted group but lost their last two matches by wide margins to the U.S. team of Sidney Silodor, George Rapee, Tobias Stone, John R. Crawford, B. Jay Becker and Norman Kay, and also to France.

THE ABSENT CAPTAIN

I asked Forquet, the flawless young playmaker of the ex-world champions, to explain the sudden turnabout in Italian fortunes. "I do not know," he shrugged. "It is not the fault of our new players [Manca and Franco]. Nor was it the loss of Guglielmo Siniscalco, once my exclusive partner. We missed him, of course, but Chiaradia and I have had a winning partnership too. Perhaps we were not joking when we called Carl [Alberto Perroux] 'the great captain.' It must be said he is the big difference."

I have always rated Perroux, the



TREZEL, DELMOULY, GHESTEM, BACHERICH

The usual method for accomplishing this is for the partner of the no-trumper to jump to four of the suit immediately below the one he holds. Thus, if he holds a long diamond suit, he jumps to four clubs; with hearts, he jumps to four diamonds; with spades he jumps to four hearts. Partner is then commanded to bid the next higher-ranking suit.

One grave trouble with this convention is that if partner just once forgets he is playing it, he is likely to lose more than whatever advantage he may have gained from using it in a half dozen deals. Even the best players do forget. Two of the top American teams passed partner in four hearts when partner intended them to transfer to four spades. The results were disastrous.

The English had the same difficulty with this convention as other teams. Even a system of fines, in which the player who forgot immediately had to hand over £2 to his partner, did not prevent frequent lapses of memory. So, in order to awaken the sleepy, the English adopted a South African version of the transfer. A jump to four clubs was to ask partner to bid four hearts; a jump to four diamonds asked for four spades. Since a jump to four in a minor suit is a most unusual call over a one no-trump bid, it has the effect of alerting even the most absent-minded player to the need for unusual action. By no means should be pass.

Here is a hand where the Texas convention gained for Great Britain in a crucial match against the Sledor U.S. team.

		NORTH	
Both sides vulnerable North dealer		♠ 7 2	♥ K Q 10 7 4 3
		♦ J 10 8 2	♣ 3
		WEST	EAST
		♠ J 9 8	♠ Q 10 6 5 3
		♥ 5	♥ 8 2
		♦ A Q 9 7 5	♦ 6
		♣ A K 8 5	♣ 10 7 4 2
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K 4	♥ A J 6
		♦ K 4 2	♣ J 6 3

When Becker and Norman Kay held the North-South hands, Kay opened with one no trump, Albert Rose (West) doubled and Becker jumped to four hearts. East opened

the 6 of diamonds, and West won the diamond queen and ace and gave his partner a diamond ruff, at the same time leading the lowest of the suit to tell him to return the lower of the other side suits, clubs. The king of clubs set the contract one trick.

At the other table, the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N T.	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

With the West hand, Stone opened the king of clubs and shifted to the 8 of spades. Eventually, declarer gave up two diamonds, but the contract was impregnable against normal defense when played from South's seat. The 720-point gain to England was worth six International Match Points.

A difference in meaning of the conventional slam double gave the winning French squad an advantage in this hand in a match against Stayman's team.

		NORTH	
Both sides vulnerable North dealer		♠ 5	♥ K Q 8 2
		♦ A K 10 7 5 3	♣ 6 2
		WEST	EAST
		♠ Q 10 5	♠ K 7 5 4 3 2
		♥ J 9 7 5	♥ A 10 6 3
		♦ 9 6 4 2	♦ Q 8
		♣ 8 5	♣ A
		SOUTH	
		♠ A J 9	♥ 4
		♦ J	♣ K Q J 10 9 7 4 3

In the room where Bouchetoff and Delmouly played North-South for France against Rubinow, East, and Mitchell, West, the bidding went:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	3 ♠	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	5 ♠	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

A double by East would have asked for a lead of dummy's first suit, diamonds, so Rubinow passed. West led the 8 of spades, and the slam was made without difficulty. Declarer won the spade ace, trumped the spade 9 in dummy, cashed the top diamonds, discarding his losing heart, and then ruffed a heart in his hand. South's jack of spades was ruffed with dummy's last trump. The defense

continued on page 78

nonplaying captain in all seven of Italy's recent European and world championships, as one of his team's greatest assets. He could call down "my primadonna," as he sometimes called Belladonna. He could take the pressure off the highly keyed Chiaradia. He could rally the team when it floundered, crack the whip when it appeared overconfident. But Perroux, taken ill just before the playoffs, left the team, and without him the Italians lost their winning touch.

It is perhaps significant that most of the members of both the French and the British teams play with few artificial conventions—especially since recent Italian victories have been attributed so largely to their highly gadgeted systems.

With the possible exception of my own team, Great Britain used fewer artificial bids than any other team that reached the finals. One of the few unusual conventions they used was the Texas transfer bid—a method by which the no-trump bidder remains the closed hand and has the benefit of the lead coming up to him, even though his partner has a long suit at which he wishes to play the contract.





Headed for the Goal

For two straight days last week all England was walking on air. On Friday a Princess got married in Westminster Abbey, and on Saturday the World Series of English soccer—the Football Association Cup final—was held at London's Wembley Stadium. Not a foot was on the ground when the center forward of the Wolverhampton Wanderers used his head to rap a shot past a high-jumping defenseman toward the Blackburn Rovers' goal. As 100,000 spectators gasped, the ball neared, then missed the net. Wolverhampton finally scored after 42 minutes of tense, even play and—when a Rover player broke his leg, leaving his team shorthanded under the tough no-substitution rules—went on to win 3-0.



Bent with the Wind

Photograph by Morris Stonefeld



Using all of his 165 pounds as a counterweight to windward, 13-year-old Ronnie Hobart does more than his level best to keep his International Moth upright during a Larchmont spring regatta on Long Island Sound. But Ronnie's acrobatics, which kept him in second place for a day against adult competition, led to his undoing when he hit a buoy and capsized.



OUTSIDE PITCH Baffles BOB SCHMIDT OF SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS, WHO GOLFS AT IT FUTILELY WHILE GLARING INTO THE DIRT

They Swung and They Missed

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

HIGH PITCH CONFOUNDS CHICAGO SLUGGER FRANK THOMAS, WHO LOOKS UP, OVERSWINGS, NEARLY HITS CHIN WITH SHOULDER





LOW PITCH BRINGS POWERFUL SWING FROM CHICAGO CUBS' LOU JOHNSON, BUT BALL IN GLOVE MADE IT JUST A BIG STRIKE

Big leaguers usually are photographed in moments of glory, but when SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's John Zimmerman used a long-lens camera to gain a pitcher's-eye view of home plate he found that even the best of them occasionally look like Little Leaguers swinging at their first curve. The pitchers in Chicago the other day were

throwing inside, outside, high and wide, but it made no difference to this quartet of Cubs and Giants. They swung at everything. None looked at the ball; one stared at the ground, two gazed toward far left field, and the last seemed to have his eye fixed on a cloud. And all missed. It was enough to gladden a Little Leaguer's heart.

WIDE PITCH IS CHASED BY CUBS' BOB WILL AS HE LEANS FORWARD FROM WAIST AND FLAILS AWKWARDLY AT THE DISTANT BALL





POWERFUL CHUCK MCKINLEY SLAMS A BACKHAND AT AUSTRALIA'S NEALE FRASER DURING SEMIFINALS AT RIVER OAKS TOURNAMENT

Little Man with a Big Wallop

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Muscular Chuck McKinley is defeating big-name players and captivating galleries with the power and the exuberance of his tennis

Photographs by Lou Will

THE most exciting tennis player in the U.S. today is a broad-backed, brown-eyed, irrepressible Missourian named Charles Robert McKinley. A year ago he was just another talented youngster. Now, at the still tender age of 19, he is whipping some of the finest amateurs in the game. To the delight of the galleries, he plays with a headlong exuberance seldom seen in amateur tennis since the days of Pancho Segura. Not in years has an American fledgling combined so much box-office appeal with so much pure ability—or crashed the tight little world of big-time tennis with so much confidence. "If I didn't think I could be the best tennis player in the world," Chuck McKinley says, "I don't think I'd want to play."

McKinley looks more like a stocky fullback than a tennis player. Only 5 feet 8 inches tall, he is as short as Bobby Riggs but, at 160, he weighs some 20 pounds more than Riggs did when he was winning at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. McKinley has broad shoulders,

continued

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



*Dr. David Cleary—
diagnostician, New York—
married Lise Dubuc, pediatrician, while interning
in Paris—we both were wearing masks when we
met—first smoked Robt. Burns Panatelas to
look older, now smokes 'em to look younger.*

*Loves pin-ball machines—says they're great
way to get away from it all—"give me
those ringing bells, the blinking lights,
my favorite cigar, and all I worry about
is tilting the machine."*



Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive
shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.



*Better than average tennis player—
most memorable game: against
'Little Mo' Connolly which he lost by
exhaustion—Rx for relaxation: watch
a good match, enjoy a couple of mild
Robt. Burns Panatelas.*



*Paints every chance he can—mostly seascapes
and boats...was offered \$100 for latest
watercolor—admirer of another Sunday-
painter famous for ever-present cigar—
denies that's why he puffs
Robt. Burns Panatela
while painting.*

The reason
for Robt. Burns
unique mildness
Smooth Smoke
Binder Tobacco—a new
form of tobacco, complete
without even burning...
smoother smoking.

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"WHO,
ME
FLY?"

LOOK
WHO'S
FLYING!

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Cessna

CHUCK MCKINLEY *continued*

thick biceps and the wrists and hands of a blacksmith. He is what most top-flight American tennis players are not—an honest-to-goodness athlete who would stand out in almost any sport.

On the court McKinley's nerves are stretched as tautly as the strings of his racket ("It all builds up inside me; if I'm not nervous, I lose"), and it is transparently clear that he does not intend to finish where nice guys traditionally do. "You don't want to give 'em anything," he says. "You're out there to win the same as they are, and you can't for one minute be nice. If you get ahead you can't afford to let up and let 'em win a few games."

COLORFUL AND ENERGETIC

As McKinley leaps, lunges, runs full tilt and whacks the ball violently, he burns energy at a furious rate. When he really leans into an overhead smash he looks as though he is going to bounce the ball into the next township. A fine shot brings a quick, broad grin to his face, and when an opponent misses, he often chirps a falsetto "Out!" to supplement the linesman's call. But when he commits an error, he is likely to bring his racket savagely downward as if clubbing a snake, or to tell himself, so court-siders can hear him, "Oh, Charley, you missed that one."

Since all this is spontaneous and unmarred by the sulkiness so com-

monly seen on tennis courts today, spectators who have watched McKinley in action are fascinated by him. He has color, a rare and precious quality for which they are grateful, but beyond that they sense his impending arrival as a major star.

In the considered judgment of Bill Talbert, former national doubles champion and frequent contributor to these pages, McKinley has everything a champion needs except experience. "There is nothing he can't do on the court," Talbert says. "He has all the strokes. He's fast. He's strong. He has marvelous reflexes. He has the eyes of a hawk—sees the ball as well as anyone in the game."

"Right now Chuck tends to over-hit. He simply needs more experience. He will make a fabulous shot and then a silly schoolboy error. It's just a question of time, and not very much time, I think, until he is playing percentage tennis on every stroke."

McKinley's lack of height is a handicap, but Talbert believes he can compensate for it with his speed. "Jack Kramer wasn't fast," Talbert says, "so he had to make compensations—and he became the best player in the world. Riggs was small, but he had first-rate control. Chuck, on the other hand, is a power player. Riggs would make his opponents lose points. This kid will win points."

McKinley began beating the country's best players as long ago as last

continued



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August, when he gave the veteran Dick Savitt a 6-4, 6-8, 6-4 licking in the eastern grass court championships at South Orange, N.J. In the national doubles at Brookline, Mass. McKinley reached the quarter-finals with Martin Riesen of Hinsdale, Ill., after upsetting Tut Bartzon and Ron Holmberg. In September he removed the Mexican champion, Antonio Palafox, from the national championships at Forest Hills before losing in the fourth round to Alex Olmedo, who later lost in the finals to Neale Fraser.

From Forest Hills, McKinley went to San Antonio to enroll as a freshman at little Trinity University, a Presbyterian school with 1,600 students, year-round tennis weather and an aggressive recruiting policy that has put Trinity tennis in a class with the country's best.

Not the least of Trinity's merits, to McKinley's mind, is the fact that there is a plentiful supply of ceds. After tennis, he likes girls, chocolate milk shakes and Frank Sinatra records, in approximately that order, and, from all reports, the girls like him. He is as relaxed and fun-loving on campus as he is high-strung on court. He does have a problem, however—the milk shakes. McKinley has a longshoreman's appetite which he is not always able to control. As a late-evening snack not long ago he consumed a bowl of soup, two ham and cheese sandwiches, four glasses of milk and two pieces of chocolate cake with ice cream. "Then I couldn't go to sleep for thinking about it," he says ruefully.

McKinley had barely gotten acquainted with Trinity when, in November, he bowed out of junior competition with a flourish. Returning to St. Louis, his home town, he won his third straight junior indoor singles championship. Paired with Cliff Buchholz, he added his third straight indoor doubles title. Cliff is the brother of Earl Buchholz Jr., the brilliant 19-year-old St. Louisan (ranked

sixth in the U.S.), who is one of McKinley's closest friends and toughest tennis rivals.

Fresh honors came almost immediately. In the national indoor championships in New York this February he disposed of Sweden's Ulf Schmidt with such vigor that Allison Danzig, *The New York Times* tennis writer, was moved to salute, flamboyantly, "the fury of his service, the vengefulness of his volley and the murderous effectiveness of his overspin drives." Next to fall was Holmberg, who is ranked fourth in the U.S. Finally, McKinley extended Savitt (ranked fifth) to four sets before losing in the semifinals.

Then came Pittsburgh and the first important men's tournament victory of McKinley's career. His victims were Vic Seixas, ranked 10th, whose best years, of course, are behind him, and Barry MacKay, ranked third, who at 24 is in his prime, towers 7½ inches above McKinley and is having his best year as a player.

McKinley not only defeated Seixas and MacKay singly at Pittsburgh, but, paired with Bill Talbert, beat them again in the doubles final. Just three years before, MacKay and Seixas had been the American Davis Cup doubles entry. McKinley's extraordinary aptitude for the doubles game might well land him on the U.S. Davis Cup team this year.

By the time McKinley came into Houston the other day for the 26th Invitational clay court tournament at the exclusive River Oaks Country Club, he was one of the stars of the show, and not self-conscious about it in the least.

"I used to be so scared when I'd play a top man," he said. "Now maybe they're a little bit scared of me."

The remarkable thing about McKinley is not that he has arrived in the big time but that he ever got started in the first place. The son of a St. Louis pipe fitter, he spent his earliest years in a "rough neighborhood" on the north side of town.

continued



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CHUCK McKINLEY continued

Baseball was his first love, Marty Marion and Stan Musial of the Cards his sports heroes.

During winters, when it was too cold for baseball, McKinley went to the Y, where he swam and played table tennis. He came under the influence of a volunteer instructor named Bill Price, who dropped in now and then to give pointers on the game the kids called ping-pong. Price was one of the best table tennis players in the country and a tennis pro as well. He had earned his living in the 1930s by playing table tennis exhibitions in vaudeville.

A KICK IN THE GLAM

The Price-McKinley relationship might have ended when, at 10, Chuck moved with his family to the suburban community of St. Ann. But McKinley made frequent trips back into town to play at the Y. One time, in 1953, just to be with the crowd, young McKinley trooped out to a public tennis court with his buddies and Price. He discovered that he got a kick out of slamming the ball around. Before long he cared enough about tennis to cry after a losing match and to defend the game with his fists against sneering schoolmates with whom he had, as he puts it, "a few differences of opinion." Soon Price was spending up to four hours a day sharpening the claws of his pint-sized tiger, whose table tennis indoctrination was proving to be a valuable asset. (Price, incidentally, is an eloquent spokesman for table tennis as basic training for the outdoor game. It can cut three years from a tennis novice's learning period, he believes. Another believer is Fred Perry, who was world table tennis champion before turning to tennis.)

When it became apparent that Chuck could be a superior player, Price advised him to forget about other sports and concentrate on tennis. He plunged into a long series of boys' and then junior tournaments, forsaking other sports except table tennis and, when in high school, basketball. Playing guard, he averaged 18 points a game as a senior and made the all-county team despite a mid-season spell of pneumonia that sidelined him for half the schedule.

Last spring a capped and gowned

continued



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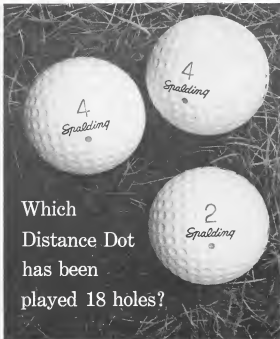
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CHUCK McKINLEY *continued*

Chuck McKinley accepted his high school diploma one evening at 8:30 p.m. and half an hour later was flying out of St. Louis on the first leg of an all-summer tennis tour. With time out for classes at Trinity, he has been traveling steadily to tournaments ever since.

The tournament at River Oaks was notable for a number of reasons. In the quarter-finals McKinley again met Holmberg and defeated him in straight sets. He again teamed with Bill Talbert, who is more than twice McKinley's age and acutely aware that the court seems to get bigger every year, and reached the doubles finals.

FIRST BIG SERVE

Most notable of all was McKinley's reaction to the first match of his career with Neale Fraser, the left-handed Australian who is the best amateur tennis player in the world. McKinley lost to Fraser in the semifinals 7-5, 6-4, 6-4. He was soundly beaten. Fraser, who has the biggest, best and most varied serve in the amateur game, was getting his first one in consistently, and McKinley had never seen anything like it, nor did he know how to cope with it.

After the match McKinley's head was drooping. Then Price, who had driven in from St. Louis with McKinley's father, gave him a pep talk.

"When you play a man with a big serve you have to fight it, Chuck," he said. "You can't just push at the ball the way you were doing out there. Look, when someone is poking you in the jaw you can't just fend him off. You have to fight back."

Soon McKinley's head was up. His natural confidence, which had deserted him that afternoon, came flooding back.

"I've seen now what the best in the world is like," he told a visitor, "and I know I'm not that far away from it."

His inexperience was showing again the following week, when he lost in the quarter-finals at Dallas. But take care, Fraser. Heads up, MacKay, Birtzen, Holmberg and Buchholz. Unless the experts are badly deceived, Chuck McKinley is coming fast and somebody is going to have to step aside.

END



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Part 3 GOLF FOR WOMEN

In past weeks Sports Illustrated has presented key lessons from the new book 'Golf for Women' (Doubleday, \$3.95, to be published May 30) on the long and short irons. In the final installment, Louise Suggs, who has won every major event in women's golf and is in golf's Hall of Fame, now explains how to play

Trap Shots

by LOUISE SUGGS



TRAP SHOTS actually are among the easiest shots in golf. The thing that makes them so terrifying is the fact that the trap is a natural hazard, and golfers are just not set up psychologically to accept hazards without some element of panic. The average player also makes the mistake of feeling that she must help the ball up and on its way. The only way a trap shot can be played successfully is to play it as you would any other shot—with ease and concentration, the basic elements of stance and swing modified to a degree, but only a degree.

Now, the major difference between trap shots and others is that the trap shot requires that you hit sand first and then take the ball. Generally speaking, I hit the sand about an inch to an inch and a half behind the ball. You see, it is the sand, more than the loft of the club, that gets the ball out of the trap. And it is the sand that gives the ball as much backspin as you can get on a trap shot. However, before I expound on this, let's look at the clubs you have to work with.

For my trap shots, I use a double-service niblick, but that's because I

have so many clubs in my bag that I haven't room for more than one wedge, and the niblick I'm talking about is fine for certain fairway shots as well as the traps. This allows me to stay within the 14-club limit imposed by the USGA. The sand wedge, with its wide sole, will also do the job, and there are some people who prefer the 11-iron, which has more loft than the nine-, not quite so wide a sole as the wedge and is not quite as heavy. I personally feel that the niblick I use and the wedge are designed for heavy duty and will get you out of any kind of sand, whereas the 11- will sometimes require a substitute. But here again, it's a question of the individual golfer's preference.

The major reason for my choice, beyond the confining limits of the 14-club maximum, is that the double-service niblick eliminates the necessity for changing clubs when I encounter different qualities of sand. Obviously, there are not only different grades of sand, but different consistencies within the same grade. Powder sand can turn into something like either glue or granite, depending on the amount of rain the course has

had. This means that your stance varies according to the distance you hit behind the ball. The lighter the sand, the farther behind the ball you can hit and the more open the stance. Conversely, in heavy sand or gravel, you must square your stance slightly and hit directly behind the ball. Here it is absolutely impossible to give accurate directions in terms of inches away from the ball, or the degrees to which the stance is opened in specific situations. These combinations are intangibles that the golfer can learn only through experience.

The first thing to remember when you've landed in a trap is that, since the trap is a hazard, it's against the rules to ground your club. You must hold the clubhead slightly above the sand and you must not touch the sand on the backswing, nor are you allowed to pick up pebbles, leaves, sticks or any other natural objects that may have found their way into the trap. The penalty for either of these misdemeanors is two strokes. You can, however, remove man-made objects such as soda bottles and cigarette butts. You may not obliterate

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TRAP SHOTS continued

someone else's footprints: If you've had the misfortune to land in the print of a discourteous golfer who played through before you, you'll have to grin and bear it. (You should erase your own footprints as you leave the trap.)

The stance for an ordinary trap shot is an open one, with the left foot pulled away from the line of flight so that the player's body is almost facing the target. You should also be sure that your stance is a firm one—with the feet planted in the sand rather than on top of it. The ball is played well forward, off the instep of the left foot. This open stance automatically makes the golfer take the club outside the line of flight. I feel that I'm swinging it out—perhaps pushing it is a better description—with the left hand. Here again, the left hand and side lead. My grip is the usual overlapping one I use for all my shots except putting. Remember, the trap shot is played like any other. But if fluidity—smoothness—is important at any time during the game, it is absolutely essential here. This is one time when you can't afford even a small twitch, because that would cause the club to hit into the sand and hang there, just as though it were hung on the roof of a tree. So, swinging back down smoothly, I cut right across the ball, which also helps throw it up in the air. I do not open the face of the club. That would give me a tendency to shank the ball, so I keep the blade square throughout the shot. I also feel that by hitting it slowly and deliberately, I use my hands and wrists a lot, which means that I can flip the ball if it's sitting cleanly in the sand—or on top of it, to put it another way.

SOFT HIT FROM SOFT SAND

If the ball has hit soft sand with a decisive pop, it will usually be buried, with a well or depression around it. I try to hit the edge of that depression. When a ball is in this position, it won't have much backspin. I just hit lightly and allow the ball to run a little farther on the green.

Another instance in which the player needn't hit the ball with full authority is when it is on the uphill side of the trap. Then the ball will fly up suddenly anyway, since the blow will be coming up under it. In this situation, you should have the feeling that

you are floating the ball out. Here again, your left hand leads. You take the sand first, and the ball will sail up a bit after that. Obviously, the follow-through on this shot will not be a complete one (your hands will pass the ball, but just that), since your body is already off balance and an attempt to follow through normally would send you sprawling back into the trap.

TAKE THE TOUGH ONES IN STRIDE

If the ball is on the downslope, or the backside of a trap, it will be a difficult shot. The only advice I can give here is to make up your mind that it will be a tough one and be philosophic about it. Use an even more open stance. Now here, I don't mean "wider," I mean "more open"; in other words, the body is faced even more markedly toward the hole. Take the club outside the line of flight more than you have with the other trap shots and actually flip it. You've heard people say that they've used a flipped wedge, for instance. When I say "flip," I mean use your hands and wrists to flick the club, but very slowly. However, the actual picking up of the club is a little more abrupt, so that you do get sand first, but not as much. As a matter of fact, ideally, you'll get sand and the ball at about the same time. Just try to pick the ball off the sand as cleanly as you can—as I said, not quite so much sand behind it—and you're out. There will be no full follow-through in the usual sense here either. Again, your precarious position and the fact that you're grounded on sand will allow only for the clubhead and hands to get through the ball.

Trap shots are never fun, but if you leave fear behind, you can manage them so that you're within putting distance. A trap is, after all, simply another part of the fairway's contour. If you've practiced your trap shots, if you remember that the sand is actually there to help you, if you refuse to panic, landing in a trap will be an occasion for a mild, ladylike expletive and not a signal for nine holes of gloom. As a matter of fact, I'd rather hit from a trap than a tight lie on the fairway. It may help to remember that in picking a ball from the sand cleanly and quickly, delicacy is an important factor. Perception is another. Women have more of both than men. So play your trap shot and smile.



KEEP AN OPEN STANCE, WITH THE HANDS WELL AHEAD OF THE BALL



START BY TAKING THE CLUBHEAD BACK OUTSIDE THE LINE OF FLIGHT

THE STANCE SHOULD BE FIRM, THE FEET WELL PLANTED IN THE SAND



THE PRACTICE TEE

Louise Suggs answers questions, solves problems and with photographs explains how easy trap shots can be

Remember that the most important thing in a sand trap is that the sand helps to lift the ball into the air. You don't have to try to raise it. Use an open stance and set your hands well ahead.

PROBLEM:

I don't really understand the reason for that.

Well, it's simply to set up a strong left side. This is especially important for trap shots. You know that you can't ground your club in a trap. I'm going to mark a spot here and I want you to watch—and instead of aiming at the ball, aim at that spot and swing very slowly and deliberately. But before you swing at the ball, be sure your stance is open, that is, your left foot is drawn back away from the line of flight. And when you swing, push the club away from the ball, outside the line of flight. On the downswing, return in the same arc, so that you cut across the ball intentionally.

PROBLEM:

I think it's because I'm so nervous when I land in a trap that I have so much trouble.

I'm sure that's it. The physical elements of trap shots—the movements you've got to remember to make—are really simple. It's what goes on in your mind that can throw you! Now here your left foot can be drawn back farther. This open stance is very important because it helps limit your backswing and it gets your body out of the way more quickly on the downswing. One thing you have a tendency to do is to scoop the ball. Never try scooping or lifting it—just play it forward with an open stance and hit the sand first. The swing itself, if you take it through to the finish, will get the ball into the air.

PROBLEM:

Your movement at the end of the swing seems so much quicker.

Well, the only way to get out of the trap is to make sure the ball rises quickly, so all your action is through your hands and wrists. Always start the clubhead away from the ball outside the line of flight. Do this intentionally, so it will be a cut shot and that will get the flick you need. That makes the ball rise quickly. Notice that when you're coming through on a trap shot that the wrists are very limber. But there is a definite flipping effect. And the follow-through is a complete one—not as full as you would have on a long iron or a wood

continued



AVOID SCOOPING THE BALL. THE SWING SHOULD GET IT OUT OF SAND



WHEN HIT, THE SAND UNDERNEATH THE BALL PUSHES IT INTO THE AIR

THE WRISTS SHOULD BE LINER COMING THROUGH ON THE DOWNSWING



TO ACHIEVE MAXIMUM LIFT, FOLLOW-THROUGH SHOULD BE COMPLETE

TRAP SHOTS *continued*

shot, but then the are you're describing isn't as full either. But if you want to get any bite on the ball at all, besides lifting it up and out, watch the follow-through. It must be complete.

So—keep in mind:

- 1) A trap is a hazard in which you may not ground your club.
- 2) The sand can be an ally. Hit into it behind the ball and so use it to put more backspin on your shot.
- 3) Use an open stance in a trap. If your ball is up against a steep bank, use an extreme open stance.
- 4) The blade must hit the sand squarely.
- 5) Shorten up on your backswing.
- 6) Pick the club up more abruptly as you go into your follow-through. Use a definite flicking motion with the hands and wrists.
- 7) Be deliberate about the shot in order to achieve fluidity.
- 8) Concentrate on mastering the sand club you prefer to use; leave the quack theories alone.
- 9) The lighter the sand, the farther behind the ball you can hit and the more open the stance. Conversely, in heavy sand or gravel, you must square your stance slightly and hit directly behind the ball.

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INSIDE TO ALASKA

The final leg of the thousand-mile cruise from Seattle to Juneau leads the adventurous yachtsman to great salmon rivers, into wild, beautiful fiords and ultimately to the tidewater glaciers of Alaska

by MORT LUND

Photographs by Clyde Banks

Map by Allen Beechel



THE FINAL 500 miles of the Inside Passage to Alaska takes the yachtman out of the well-traveled waters around Seattle and Vancouver and on to the spectacular fiords of the north. This northern section is no place for the novice who likes to laze along in the company of half a dozen other cruisers and tie up at night in a snug marina. In these chill waters, the towns are little more than fisheries depots with a gas dock and a grocery store. The boats one meets are mostly commercial salmon trawlers.

If the amenities of modern cruising are lacking, however, there is no shortage of adventure. Along this coast the biggest grizzly bears in North America come down to the beaches to comb the surf for 50-pound salmon—the same fish that you will seek in trolling offshore. Here, too, the killer whale moves into the inlets hunting for seal. A few miles at sea, the 60-foot blue whale rolls and spouts his way to southern waters. On the islands protecting the Inside Passage from the Pacific there are quiet coves where you can catch a bucketful of big succulent crabs. Indenting the mainland are deep gorges, their channels so narrow that the tide sweeps against your bow at 20 knots. In every inlet, on both sides of the passage, discoveries await you and, as Part II of *Inside to Alaska* shows, the waterways are wide open for the yachtman who has a taste for the unknown.

TURN PAGE FOR CRUISE STORY

NORTHERN HALF of the Inside Passage runs up the coast from Duncanby Landing in British Columbia to the journey's end at Juneau in the Alaska Panhandle.



SPEEDING AT MORE THAN 20 KNOTS, "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S" CRUISER CUTS THROUGH STIFF CHOP AS SHE RACES STORM CLOUDS

ALASKA CRUISE *continued*

DUNCANBY TO BELLA BELLA

The jumping-off place for the last half of the trip is Duncanby Landing, a small fishing village in British Columbia. Here you can tie up for the night at the dock, fill your tank with gas and water and take on a load of groceries. Your next gas stop will be Bella Bella, 60 miles to the north. But before you head for Bella Bella, take a hard right just outside Duncanby for a day of superb salmon fishing at the head of Rivers Inlet.

SIDE TRIP: RIVERS INLET. From mid-July through the end of August Rivers Inlet is jumping with big salmon. Here, as at Phillips Arm in the southern part of the Inside Passage, no fishing license is required. Just check in with the Fisheries Commission, which has a man stationed at the cannery wharf a mile below the river mouth. The best lure for the larger spring salmon is a five-inch spoon, and the best place to troll is usually the head of the inlet. When the spring feeds, he feeds quickly and ferocious-

ly, but you usually have to wait him out. During our first day at Rivers we hooked two, both of them well over 40 pounds.

While you are trolling you will see dozens of seals hunting the salmon. And sometimes the seals themselves are hunted by killer whales, vicious 30-foot carnivores with black dorsal fins that jut ominously from the water as they surge across the inlet looking for their prey. When killer whales appear, the fishing is over. The spring salmon hides from them and won't feed. Only the sockeye will continue jumping and somersaulting—and the sockeye does not take a lure.

If the salmon go into hiding, you might try a little bear watching. Rivers Inlet is at the center of the finest grizzly country in North America. At any time of day, grizzly sows and their cubs may come down to the shores of the inlet to feed on the salmon. The big male bears usually stay hidden in the woods, taking their fish from the creeks. If you are an experienced woodsman with a good rifle, a hunting permit (\$25) and can hire a licensed guide (nearest one is John Stanton of Knight Inlet; he charges the standard \$25 a day and is best reached by mail in advance of your

cruise), you have an off chance of getting a world-record grizzly.

When you have loaded your boat with salmon (or bear) or just pleasant memories, head back out to Duncanby Landing, then turn northwest for a stop at Calvert Island.

SIDE TRIP: CALVERT ISLAND. Calvert is cut by a long narrow harbor that reaches west to within a mile of the island's Pacific shore. Anchor here, let down a crab net and walk the path over to the Pacific. There you will find one of the rare sand coves of the Northwest coast, a semicircular beach shaded by tall cedars and bordered by a strip of clean white sand. If the sun is out, lie down on the sand and warm yourself. Then hop into the surf for a quick—and very cool—swim. After lunch, try a slow walk back through the cedar forest. Along the way you can pick fat ripe huckleberries from eye-high bushes which line the path. Once back at the boat, pick up your crab net. It probably will be filled with a tangle of crabs. Boil the crabs, eat them hot from the pot and wash them down with sugared huckleberries and milk.

Then shove off for Bella Bella, 40 miles away. (Namu is slightly nearer,



TO PETTUSBURG ON THE ALASKA COAST

but the smell from the fish-rendering plant is overpowering). This is the part of the trip where you will make your best time. Your course winds through narrow, sheltered channels where the water rarely is broken by more than small ripples. At Bella Bella you can tie up for the night at the huge fisheries wharf. The grocery store is right on the dock. Order your supplies while you take on gas, then cook dinner and sleep aboard.

BELLA BELLA TO BUTEDALE

Butedale, another fisheries depot, is 85 miles up the coast from Bella Bella. There are no gas docks in between, so outboarders should fill their spare fuel tanks. Ten miles of this run is through the open water of Milbanke Sound, where bad weather may force you to hole up in one of the small harbors on either side of the main channel.

If you make good time across Milbanke Sound, plan to spend part of the afternoon in Griffin Pass, a narrow waterway nearly blocked off at one point by an island. When the tide starts to run out at Griffin Pass,

the water behind the island roars down the narrow throat at a speed of almost 20 knots. This is a challenge for any outboard cruiser. Gun your engines and try to run up this salt-water cataract, but watch your steering. You have to correct quickly whenever the boiling water starts to turn your bow, or you may be shoved against the rocky shore. Once above the "overflow," you will find yourself in a lovely salt pond where other boats have seldom gone. All around you, herring duck and white duck will be skittering through the kelp while seals cut silver slits in the quiet surface. The tide divides at the middle of the pond, and there is another overflow at the far side of the pond where you get a free ride back down to the main channel.

As you continue on to Butedale, you are likely to come across an unpleasant phenomenon called "red tide," which occurs from time to time along this part of the Inside Passage. Keep a sharp eye out for it, an orange-red ribbon of millions of poisonous microorganisms twisting down the channel like a trail of dye. Do not use the water in the vicinity for dishwashing, and *never* eat clams or crabs anywhere near red tide.

BUTEDALE TO PRINCE RUPERT

At Butedale, as at Bella Bella, plan to gas up, eat on board and get to bed early. In the morning you start your 115-mile run up to Prince Rupert, last stop in Canada, and you should get under way early enough so you can spare an hour to watch the salmon circus at Lowe Inlet.

SIDE TRIP: LOWE INLET. At the head of Lowe Inlet, just three miles from the turnoff out of Inside Passage, the Lowe River comes rushing down its rock bed and plunges into a salt-water pool. A few days each month the tidewater rises high enough to let the salmon swim up into the river. The rest of the time they circle in the big pool, making futile sorties against the falls. By the thousands, they haul their silver and blue-black bodies into the white waters, among halfway up, their tails spattering water like buckshot as they try to swim over rocks an inch below the surface. Then, inevitably, they drop

back and are washed down into the pool, where they gather for yet another leap.

When you leave Lowe Inlet, your destination is the Prince Rupert Yacht Club, managed by Stein Diderichson, who is notably hospitable to all visiting yachtsmen. He will take care of fueling and berthing your boat while you hop a cab into town. Prince Rupert is a quiet town, exactly what you need after your long, hard runs of the past few days. Rent a room at the Savoy Hotel, have a good, hot bath and go out for a shore-cooled meal at the Broadway Restaurant. If you want to bust loose, wait until you get to Ketchikan.

PRINCE RUPERT TO KETCHIKAN

From Prince Rupert it should take a fast boat about three and a half hours to get to Ketchikan. You may have a rough passage across Dixon Entrance, a long stretch of open water only slightly less renowned for its weather than Queen Charlotte Sound. If the weather gets too bad, duck into the protected bay at Dundas Island on the southern edge of Dixon Entrance. When you get to Ketchikan you will be back in the United States once more. There are welcome touches of the U.S.A., like 24-hour laundry and cleaning service, breezy waitresses and friendly Irish policemen. However, nothing else seems much like home. Ketchikan is a fishing town sitting half out over the water on huge wharves that stand 30 to 40 feet above the water at low tide. Along these wharves the salmers unload hundred-pound carcasses of gray-white halibut. The town itself, an odd mixture of tumble-down Indian shanties and clean modern houses, is filled with fishermen, lumberjacks and Indians, who crowd the bars on Saturday nights to spend their week's pay in one roaring night on the town. If you want to join in the revelry, these characters will be glad to help you. For a quieter evening, however, check in at the Ingersoll Hotel, then browse through the gift shops on Main Street (walrus teeth, carved walrus ivory). Then take an hour or so to visit Ketchikan's Totem Park and see its collection of outstanding totem poles.

continued

KETCHIKAN TO PETERSBURG

Just north of Ketchikan there may be some wet going if the confused wave patterns are dusted with a chill Alaska rain. When the weather looks like this—and it often does—there is a fine place to hole up at Bell Island, 43 miles through the Behn Canal from Ketchikan.

SHIF TRIP: BELL ISLAND. Bell Island Hot Springs is an old spa, quiet, relaxed and very unpretentious. Nevertheless, it attracts some sophisticated



THREADING THROUGH ICE floes on way to Le Conte Glacier, Skipper Phil Portrey (left) and Writer Mort Lund search for an opening through the ice-choked channel.

travelers. (Bing Crosby, an enthusiastic Alaska cruising man, is a frequent visitor.) The resort has a new dining and recreation room, and some ancient and Spartan overnight cabins. The focus of the place is the bathhouse where, for a dollar, you can warm your bones and soothe your tired muscles in a tub full of hot sulphur water.

Radio ahead from Ketchikan to make reservations. If you arrive unexpectedly and are the only boat present, you may have to rely on your own stores, augmented by whatever fish you can catch.

Fortunately, the fishing here is excellent. The stream that runs past the cabins into the Behn Canal is full of trout—Dolly Varden, sea-run cutthroat and rainbow. And the canal itself is full of salmon. While you are

fishing, you will see an amazing variety of wildlife. On the grass meadow across the stream, bears occasionally come out to nibble strawberries. Otter and mink hop down the boardwalk to the dock. Out on the canal, merganser and herring duck paddle about while, in the stream, the odd little water ouzel—a diving bird no bigger than half your thumb, walks around on the bottom of the stream hunting for grubs.

Plan to spend a day here, fishing and soaking in the hot springs. And before you leave for Petersburg, take time to see magnificent Walker Cove, 34 miles up the Behn Canal.

SIDE TRIP: WALKER COVE. At the entrance to Walker Cove, sheer walls of blue-gray rock rise a thousand feet on either side of the narrow strip of water. From high above, rivulets of snow-melt flash down through patches of green moss. There is a little stream near the head of the fiord where you can anchor, eat lunch and watch the seals snorkeling about, smelling out the salmon. After lunch, cruise slowly back to Bell Island for a quiet afternoon of trout fishing. Then set out the next morning for Petersburg, 130 miles away. The first 64 miles across Clarence Strait can be rough, but with good weather and a fast boat you can get to Petersburg by mid-afternoon.

PETERSBURG TO JUNEAU

At Petersburg, plan to spend a day checking and overhauling your boat. The side trips into the Le Conte Glacier, Fords Terror and the Taku River are the most rugged of the entire 1,000 miles of the Inside Passage, and there are places where a normally minor mechanical breakdown could result in the loss of the boat. There are four marine repair yards here where you can get a complete overhaul, provided there are no fishing trawlers already on the ways. In this case, a careful dockside checkup will have to do.

SIDE TRIP: LE CONTE GLACIER. Le Conte Glacier winds down mile-high Simpson Mountain to the edge of Le Conte Inlet where it drops enormous chunks of ice into the sea. As you approach the head of the inlet 12 miles

southeast of Petersburg you get your first look at these icebergs, their tops rising as high as 20 feet above the water. From a distance, they look like a herd of huge white sheep joggling their way out the mouth of the inlet. As you get nearer, each of the big bergs takes on a weird and wonderful shape, and underneath the bright white surfaces you can see the soft green and blue light that flashes from the ice. Don't let their beauty tempt you to come too close. The roar that sometimes issues from the ice pack warns you that overhanging chunks of ice occasionally break off—and a small overhang is heavy enough to sink an average cruiser.

Behind these first bergs is a tight, almost impenetrable pack of smaller bergs blocking the channel that leads round a bend to the face of Le Conte. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* guide, Phil Portrey, a veteran of two outboard trips to Alaska, took our cruiser through this pack, shoving the smaller bergs out of the way with the bow. But this kind of maneuver is for expert seamen only. As the boat worked forward, the sharp underwater edges of the ice floes scraped menacingly along the thin plywood sides of the boat. In two hours we creaked and groaned through a mile of ice, the floe closing behind us, leaving not a sign of our entry. Then we rounded the corner of the inlet, and there was Le Conte, a vast river of ice winding down between two peaks and breaking off abruptly at tidewater. We stopped, still a half mile from the glacier, the ice pack too thick to risk going in. We drifted for a few minutes, scanning the 150-foot ice cliff. Then we started working our way back out to the safety of open water.

From Le Conte, your course runs west until you clear the mouth of the inlet, then north toward Juneau. En route you will be traveling along the migratory lanes of playful, giant whales. The whales often travel in pairs, spouting plumes of water each time they break the surface. When you see one of these mushrooms of spray, motor over quickly and cut the engines. Wait five minutes. Suddenly, with a deafening *bwawooak!* the whale will pump another cloud of spume into the air close by the boat. A moment later, part of the glistening black back will appear, then more of it and more until half the 50- or 60-

continued



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ALASKA CRUISE (continued)

foot mammal lies awash. If you start toward it, the back will go under, to be replaced by a dorsal fin that rolls slowly up into the air and then disappears. The fin is followed by more back, and finally the great horizontal tail, six to eight feet across, will rise majestically from the water, hang there a minute and slide under. If you happen to catch a mating pair, they will swim slowly ahead of your boat. At one point, we got so close to a whale that I could see the huge tail no more than two feet off the bow. That is as close as anyone should get.

SIDE TRIP: FORDS TERROR If, after playing tag with a pair of whales, you feel the need of more adventure, take a side trip into Fords Terror. This is another inlet whose tides are squeezed through a narrow throat to form an overfall. The best time to come in is at slack low tide, then buck the overfall from the rising tide on the way out. Do not try to ride with the tide either going in or coming out. With the roaring 15-knot current of the cataract pressing against your stern, you will have no control over the boat. The head of the inlet has great fagades of rock striated with traces of red and laced by tiny streams of snowmelt that splash down into the pool of pale-green tidewater.

SIDE TRIP: TAKU HARBOR Taku Harbor is an overnight stop 38 miles north of Fords Terror. There is no gas or grocery store here. However, there is a dock maintained by Father Hubbard, the famous cleric-geologist, who has seen more of Alaska than any other man. If he is not out taking moving pictures for his lecture tours, Father Hubbard will be sitting on the porch of his bunkhouse, a small man, old, but wiry with jet-black eyebrows. An evening with the old priest is one of the delights of a trip up the Inside Passage. The talk will drift from the great salmon runs of the past, when the fish were packed so close that the rustle of their fins was louder than the sound of a man's voice, to the mysterious ice islands hundreds of feet thick that inexplicably appear in the arctic icecap (elsewhere no more than 15 feet in depth).

SIDE TRIP: TAKU RIVER In the morning, head up the Taku River to Taku

Lodge. Warning: the lower channel in the Taku River is shallow, unmarked and choked with glacial silt. So be prepared to leave your cruiser sitting on a mud bank for the night while you make for the lodge in a dinghy. For the record, the SPONTANEOUSLY TRAPPED expedition arrived by dinghy.

At the lodge, you are back in civilization. There are comfortable overnight cabins and a fine dining room. From here you can ride the lodge's river boat (\$7.50 a head) through the upper channel for a look at Twin Glaciers. This is a real tourist's glacier—big, spectacular and visible at risk of neither boat nor crew. The launch from the lodge stays nearly a quarter of a mile away from the face, well out of harm's way when the wake of the boat cracks loose a giant iceberg that drops with a roar into the glacial lake.

JUNEAU: THE FINISH

Juneau, the final destination, is only a two-hour run from Taku River. It is a bustling modern city with several good restaurants (try the spiced beef at Laura Lee's Bar and Bar B Q) and the best hotel north of Victoria: the Baranof. When you arrive, leave your boat at one of the dozens of jetties available, get a room at the Baranof and head for the clothing and gift shops. They have a marvelous assortment of sealskin parkas, mukluks, Eskimo ivory carvings, walrus teeth, Alaskan jade, Northwest Indian totem carving, leather goods worked by Eskimos and gold nuggets. Prices average 25% less than in Seattle, but even so the items are not cheap. A good sealskin parka, for instance, runs well over \$150. Buy one. Nothing is better to wear for after-ski or any other occasion that demands something warm, comfortable and sporty.

A few days' shopping and resting in Juneau, an evening or two at the Red Dog and you will have to start thinking about the journey home. Without side trips it can be made in five to seven days of hard running. A much pleasanter alternative is to store your boat for the winter in Juneau (\$10 to \$15 a month at Crock's Boat Shop) and fly home—over the long, long sweep of mountains, gorges, glaciers and green islands that you will cruise next year on a vacation back down the Inside Passage. **END**

Sore days for trainers

The abused Walking horse found defenders at tests in Virginia and Tennessee

ON THE SURFACE, the situation last week in Lynchburg, Va., couldn't have appeared more normal. Trainer Wade Stepp, up on A. E. Hauser's Tennessee Walking horse Go Boy's Miss E, accepted the blue ribbon in the Walking mare class. In the way

action in behalf of show horses taken in 20 years by any organization for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Behind the summonses was the Humane Society of the U.S., a new, vigorous group with headquarters in Washington, D.C. and five branches across the country. In a carefully planned, secret operation, the society imported a veterinarian, Dr. Clayton Stephens from Mississippi, to examine horses at the three-day show. He



TRAINER STEPP CLAIMED HE WAS FRAMED



DOCTOR STEPHENS FOUND A SORE HORSE

of successful trainers used to such honors, Stepp proudly left the ring with the ribbon fluttering in the breeze stirred by his horse's ground-eating walk—the gait for which the breed is famous.

But there the similarity with any ordinary horse show disappeared. Up stepped a Virginia gentleman with two summonses in his hand. He gave one to Trainer Stepp, the other to Owner Hauser. They found themselves charged with cruelty to animals—Go Boy's Miss E had been sore. The look of triumph vanished suddenly from Stepp's face. "I've been framed," he shouted angrily.

Thus began a legal maneuver which may prove to be the most important

would not, the society felt, be influenced by local pressures.

He wasn't, but as often happens with intricately laid plans, the society's police action got off to a poor start. The Humane Society's agent, Lawyer John Zucker, became so entangled in legal details during the first day of the show that he failed to get the search warrant (not required under Virginia law) which he felt he needed as insurance. News that he was after one, and having little luck in obtaining it, must have leaked to the managers of the show. It was announced over the public address system that agents were on the premises. Although several exhibitors were frightened away, three obviously sore

horses were shown the first night, and nothing happened.

On the second day Zucker had matters well in hand. He got the warrant, veterinarian Stephens examined Go Boy's Miss E and found her undeniably sore. Zucker dashed for the nearest magistrate and had a summons sworn out. Stepp argued that one of his rivals had sneaked into the barn and soiled the mare just to get him in trouble. "Perhaps," said the Humane Society, "but you showed the mare sore, and that is cruelty."


Word of the arrest spread like a hayloft fire through the show grounds. Horses were loaded in vans with haste and whisked away. One trainer, en route from North Carolina, phoned in, learned of the investigation, turned his truckload of horses around and went straight home. When the championship stake was held, of the near dozen horses originally entered only two came into the ring.

The case against Stepp and Hauser came up before Judge Joseph McCarran in Lynchburg on Monday. Trainer Stepp was not there. Pleading pneumonia, he did not appear and Judge McCarran reissued a warrant for his arrest. Hauser was found guilty of cruelty to animals and fined \$25. He has appealed the decision and, released on \$100 bond, will appear in the Commonwealth Court in Lynchburg on June 7. The Humane Society, triumphant, plans to continue to swear out complaints until it is no longer the common practice to abuse a horse merely for the sake of winning a ribbon.

The battle of the sore horses was not confined to Lynchburg last week. In Columbia, Tenn., a much heralded showdown of a different but related nature brought a bloodless victory for John Amos, chairman of the executive committee of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association and a leader of the drive to prohibit abuse of Walking horses.

The Columbia showdown climaxed a fight over the new rule adopted in Detroit (SI, Feb. 22) outlawing the old hide-all bell boot and decreeing that in future shows a hinged boot open at the front (to reveal the presence of chains, wire or blistering) must be worn. The new rule was not popular with many trainers and owners. Behind Trainer Vic Thompson of Shelbyville, Tenn.,

continued



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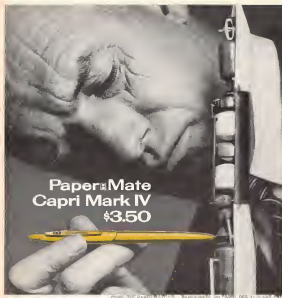
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HORSE SHOWS continued

who has been their spokesman, they organized protest meetings and the membership of the TWHBA was propagandized with letters and circulars, many of them hysterical in tone.

Before the Columbiashow, Thompson paid a visit to Amos in Nashville and inquired just what Amos would do if 20 or so of the "boys" turned up at Columbia with the late, and from his standpoint lamented, bell boot on their horses. Amos, who is a coal mine operator and one of the few men ever to get the better of John L. Lewis (he successfully resisted unionization of his mines), told Thompson, "Try it."

Maybe the Thompson crowd did try it, maybe it didn't. One exhibitor who had announced that she would use the new boots at Columbia received phone calls strongly suggesting that she refrain. But when the Columbia show opened, all the horses there, including Thompson's, were wearing the association-approved boot. The revolt was a fizzle.

AND MORE TO COME

A scout for the Nashville Humane Association also was at Columbia "just looking," and saw a big improvement in the condition of the horses. "We have a tacit agreement," explained Mrs. Walter Sharp, the association's secretary. "We will give them time to clean up—if they don't, we'll act!"

If more action is needed, both Mrs. Sharp and John Amos have a powerful ally in Governor Buford Ellington of Tennessee. End the abuse of the Walking horse, the governor has said, or he will take the matter up in the Tennessee state legislature.

Meanwhile, members of the American Walking Horse Association have begun drafting plans to push for federal legislation. The Walking horse, they point out, no longer belongs to Tennessee but is exhibited in some 750 shows in about 45 states. Federal action may not be required, however. The breeders will air the question fully at their annual meeting beginning May 28. If Amos and his backers, who have been called "dictators" by their opponents, win their point, the breeders may be able to clean house without help from the Government.

END



OUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY TONY HILLMAN IN OLD SAN JUAN.

We found something new in Old San Juan: a Rum Rickey

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who brought the recipe back from Puerto Rico)

WE'D been on a whirlwind shopping spree. Our tongues were hanging out. We deserved a drink.

It was then that our gracious Puerto Rican host handed us our first Rum Rickeys. The effect was electric. We never dreamed a Rickey could be so dry. It actually *tingled*.

We asked our host the secret. "It's the dry, white rums we make here," he said. "They're distilled at high proofs for extra dryness. Then aged, to develop that rare crisp tingle."

There must be more to it, we thought. But when we mixed our own Rum Rickeys back home, we knew our host was right.

You just toss a few ice cubes into a glass; add the juice and ball of half a lime; pour in one jigger of dry, white Puerto Rican rum and fill with club soda. What could be simpler?

Note: Your guide to better rum drinks are the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label, and our new free rum booklet. Write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. L-10, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



How plywood's natural stamina licks

BY GEORGE CALKINS

FATIGUE IS A BOAT KILLER. It's caused by vibration and the constant shock and pound of rough water. Nothing big like running a deadhead or ramming a dock—that kind of damage is out in the open where you can see it. Fatigue is more like a series of body punches that sap a boxer's strength until he's just plain worn out or ready for the big one.

That's the insidious thing about fatigue. You can't see it happen. It develops over a period of time. You must rely on how well your boat is put together and, importantly, what materials are used in its construction.

In the past 30 years I've designed, built and run boats of every type and size, and I can assure you—despite claims to the contrary or pictures showing specially posed stunts—wood, the oldest boat building material, is still the best and strongest. Pound for pound, modern marine plywood is stronger than steel. And it keeps its strength. It's not affected by age, vibration, ultraviolet light, electrolysis or corrosion.

In plywood, cross-lamination improves on wood's natural strength, making it split-proof and remarkably impact-resistant. But basically it is the natural elasticity of the wood fibers which permits plywood to bend and rebend without fatiguing, cracking and ultimately breaking.

Metal or plastic do not have this natural fatigue resistance. Vibration or repeated flexure may cause the crystals in metal to re-align, creating lines of shear which invite tears or breaks. Plastic turns brittle with age. Actually, it never stops curing. In time, this hardening renders plastic vulnerable to hidden fractures radiating out from points of vibration or impact.

From my point of view, that's the important thing about plywood: It builds a strong, safe boat. Rather than remain rigid

and snap under stress, a plywood hull rolls with the punch. You can actually feel the difference. Plywood boats are quieter, more solid in every way. They ride better, look better and last longer.

I've designed and built well over a thousand plywood boats—including the first one ever seen on the Oregon Coast back in 1935—and I've never heard of one not performing well under all conditions. In fact, one of my boats—the 22-ft. plywood "Bartender," a new type double ender with a planing hull, originally designed for sports fishing around the rough bars at harbor entrances along the Oregon Coast—was recently put through the toughest, meanest test I've ever heard of.

The Coast Guard was looking for a boat of her size that could take the pounding of heavy seas and still be fast enough to answer distress calls. Before she was approved, the Coast Guard put her through a year of testing that would have, I'm sure, shattered anything of her class built of other materials. They ran her full bore through six facing waves; bounced her off swells into troughs; swamped her; and put her through other tests calculated to bring out hull defects you might ordinarily take years to discover. The "Bartender's" solid plywood hull came through with flying colors and the Coast Guard now has three in service. Over thirty more civilian models built for sportsmen are now challenging the wild waters along our Northwest Coast.

The boat recently won the National Gold Cup Boating Safety Award presented by the Kickhafer Corp. If you're interested in a rugged sports fisher that can get up to 30 mph, you might consider a "Bartender." But whatever boat you buy, for whatever purpose, if you want a real man's boat, be sure she's built of plywood.

One of the nation's top authorities on small boat construction, George Calkins of Wacoma Beach, Oregon, is designer for Calkins Craft Boat Co., Delake, Oregon, manufacturers of the 22-foot all-plywood "Bartender" shown on the opposite page.



DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD ASSOCIATION / Tacoma 2, Wash.



the fatigue factor





**AN OCEAN SETTING
FOR A FEAST**

Seemingly isolated in a vast expanse of sand, sea and sky, good companions enjoying annual Bahamas cruise lunch magnificently on yellow-fin rockfish salad and a bottle of Corton Charlemagne 1947. The table is set up on a wharf overlooking Sandy Point, near the southeast tip of Abaco, where the sportsmen-epicures have put in for a day of bonefishing on the tidal flats. Clockwise at table, from the left, are Joe Deckman, amateur chef of the group, Ralph Powers, Clarke Daniel and (back to camera) Cushing Daniel.

Cruise of the Bon Vivants

THE NAME on her stern is *Algol*, her home port reads Miami, her course this month is down the Exuma cays of the Bahamas, and invitations to take a meal aboard should be accepted. As has been customary for a dozen springs, the *Algol* is in the hands of a party of serious fishermen from the Washington, D.C. area who are also thoughtful eaters.

The *Bon Vivants* is what they call themselves, and one of them, Clarke Daniel, explains how matters are arranged: "Any important game fish can be fought after 6:30 p.m. But one of our regulations is that anyone found hamming around with a shark after that time gets his line cut. It interferes with cocktails and dinner."

Daniel, a builder and real estate developer in Washington, used to own the *Algol* with his brothers Raleigh and Cushing (she is now chartered to the group). His friend Joseph H. Deckman, head of a building supply company and a onetime All-America lacrosse player at the University of Maryland, came aboard 11 years ago to recuperate from a heart attack and took over in the galley. He plans the menus, takes care of stocking the larder and wine cellar and does most of the cooking. The selection of cigars and the preparation of conch, however, are conceded to be Clarke Daniel specialties. And hors d'oeuvres, aspics and Scandinavian dishes are the province, when he is on board, of William Press, executive vice-president of the Washington Board of Trade. Ralph Powers, Maryland lawyer and gentleman farmer, is commander of the bar. Other members of the group—they alternate from one cruise to the next in filling the *Algol's* normal passenger complement of six—are Rowland Kirks, a Washington lawyer and law school dean; Lewis Breuninger, president of a building concern; and Clarke Daniel's brothers, Raleigh and Cushing.

The *Algol's* galley has a four-burner propane gas stove that boasts both broiler and oven. In addition to a large refrigerator there is a 16-cubic-foot freezer locker. Even at that, Deckman complains about his storage space for food being taken up by fishing bait. Actually, whether Deckman is spreading a meal in the cabin, on the afterdeck or (as at left) on a Bahamian wharf, his effects would do credit to a well-appointed kitchen anywhere. His menus take full advantage of local foods, such as the excellent native bread, tropical hot peppers and pigeon peas. Fresh-caught fish provide the makings of soups and salads as well as broiled and baked dishes. The yellow-fin rockfish salad being enjoyed by the group at left is composed of the cooked and flaked fish mixed with mayonnaise, capers, chopped celery, parsley and



"ALGOL" BOASTS A BROILER AND OVEN AS WELL AS 200 HORSES

seasonings, and a garnish of lettuce, avocado, tomato and olives. But the Deckman cuisine—and a characteristic inventiveness about ways of preparation—extends also to such items as beefsteak, Rock Cornish game hen and pheasant.

Here is one of Joe Deckman's creations that was the hit of last year's cruise—a recipe which turns an inexpensive cut of beef into a mouth-watering dinner. The *Bon Vivants* washed it down with a banner-year Burgundy, Chambolle-Musigny 1945.

STUFFED FLANK STEAK DECKMAN (serves six)

1 large or 2 small flank steaks (about 2½ pounds, trimmed)	3 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 pound ground veal	3 tablespoons grated mild cheese
1 small can sliced mushrooms	3 table-spoons pine nuts
½ pound butter	½ teaspoon basil
1 egg	Salt and pepper
2 stalks celery, chopped fine	4 tablespoons Madeira wine
1 medium onion, chopped fine	4 ounces pâté de foie gras
1 carrot, cut into small dice	2 cups beef stock
2 tablespoons chopped parsley	2 tablespoons flour (approximately)
1 clove garlic, crushed	

Lay the flank steak on a cutting board. With a small, very sharp knife, cut a 6-inch slot in side of steak and work knife into the center to create a pouch. Extend the pouch to within one inch of the edge of the steak in all directions. Score top of steak lightly with a diamond pattern.

Sauté the mushrooms in the butter until brown. Beat the egg. Mix egg, ground veal and vegetables together with bread crumbs, grated cheese, pine nuts, sautéed mushrooms and seasoning. Add 2 tablespoons of Madeira. The result makes up the stuffing.

Spread pâté de foie gras over inside of the pocket which you have cut in the steak. Force stuffing into this pocket and secure the opening with a skewer or thread. Place stuffed steak in a baking pan and add ½ cup of beef stock with the balance of the Madeira. Keep adding beef stock as it evaporates during the cooking. Bake in a 300° oven for 2 to 2½ hours or until the steak is well done.

Remove steak from pan and make a thick sauce by adding a little flour and beef stock to the juices in the baking pan and cooking for several minutes. Carve by cutting slices across the steak, so that each slice includes some stuffing in its center.

'Somebody's gotta play left'

Yankee Stadium's once-peaceful left field has turned into a haze-blocked booby trap that leaves strong outfielders shaking and Casey Stengel talking to himself

LEFt FIELD in Yankee Stadium is a lovely, sunlit expanse of green grass surrounded by neatly painted fences and inhabited by people who catch fly balls on top of their heads. Time was when it was best remembered for more heroic feats. During the 1947 World Series, Al Gronfriddo unofficially laid claim to world records in both the 50-yard dash and running high jump while refusing Joe DiMaggio a home run out there. A small but otherwise undistinguished individual named Sandy Amoros saved another World Series with a memorable catch and throw in the same vicinity. Still later, Wes

Covington, who had been unable to outguess a fly ball all year in Milwaukee's County Stadium, moved into the big ball park in the Bronx, robbed Bobby Shantz of a game-winning hit with a sparkling backhand stop along the foul line, and gained a sudden reputation as a fielding sensation. It was a place where such part-time employees as Irv Noren, Johnny Hopp, Bob Cerv, Enos Slaughter, Elston Howard and Tony Kubek could be counted on to perform in an emergency without endangering their lives, and where such resident journeymen as Charlie Keller, Johnny Lindell and Gene Woodling

could hold down a good job for years, able to pick up their pay checks and go home at night to sleep the sleep of the pure. But no more, not since Norm Siebern butchered a succession of fly balls out there in the World Series of 1958. Now the Yankees wouldn't trust Willie Mays to play left field. After a while, Willie probably wouldn't trust himself.

In the freshening season of 1960, Casey Stengel has already tried four men, launching them like a kamikaze director, with a kiss on the cheek, a ceremonial bow and a tear in the eye, certain that none will return. Some of them haven't. Roger Maris, the muscular young cousin from Kansas City, tried it first, playing left field with dispatch throughout the Florida training season only to be struck by an attack of ague the moment he

BRIGHT HAZE AND DARK SHADOW

Left field in Yankee Stadium is difficult to play because of direct sunlight, dazzling haze and deep, deep shadows (see drawing), which creep across the field as the game progresses. Past and present Yankees who have played the Stadium left field at one time or another have their own ideas about it (below), but none of them like it.



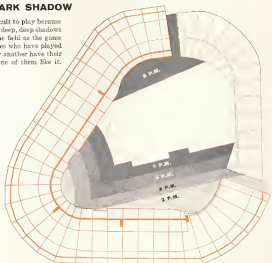
CHARLIE KELLER
(1935-1949)

"High fives aren't bad. Low ones get you. I played it by sound."



GENE WOODLING
(1949-1954)

"Ask your pitchers to pitch all right-handers on the outside."



ventured forth into Yankee Stadium. Since this occurred during the final exhibition series, Maris has yet to appear in an official league contest in left field; he was immediately returned to right, his old position.

Hector Lopez, who had been playing in right, was thrust into the breach. It being a well-known fact that Lopez cannot catch a baseball in a basket, regardless of where he plays, this sudden maneuver was explained away by Stengel as one designed not to weaken two positions. Anyway, it half worked. To give Lopez his due, it might have worked all the way except that the first time he misplayed a pop fly into a triple, Casey panicked and replaced him with a rookie named Ken Hunt. Throughout a short but impressive minor league outfielding career and during his infrequent opportunities in spring training, Hunt looked like Joe DiMaggio. It took just one game in left field in Yankee Stadium to make him look like a vegetable. When the Yankees left for a brief trip to Baltimore, the new left fielder was Yogi Berra. When they came back to New York, Hunt was out there

continued



HANK BAUER
(1949-1956)

"It's only a tough field in the fall. It's all part of the game."



NORM SIEBERN
(1956-1959)

"I'm a lousy fielder. I just booted 'em."



ELSTON HOWARD
(1959-...)

"I don't want any of it. I'm a catcher."

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Now, after years of research, science has developed a new way to treat this infection. It has proven so successful it was written up in the Archives of Dermatology (Vol. No. 77). Recently it was selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team. The secret of this remarkable new treatment is a unique, painless type of iodine—"world's greatest antiseptic"—that kills all kinds of germs and fungi, but doesn't burn or sting tissue—is actually so safe it can be used on even the most tender skin.

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Complete kit contains
liquid, powder
and Q-Tip swabs,
only \$1.69.

BASEBALL continued

again. Presumably, Berra was too valuable to risk.

There is no doubt that Yankee Stadium has a tough left field, quite likely the toughest in the majors, perhaps the toughest anywhere. It is situated in a general northeast-southwest direction, with home plate backing up on the Harlem River and center field pointing out toward Connecticut. This leaves the left fielder gazing into an area occupied by a few pigeons, an occasional airliner and, more and more as the game progresses, by that horrible monster, the sun. During the early spring and late fall, when the sun is down low in the southwest in the late innings, conditions are extremely bad.

But all ball parks are occasionally infiltrated by sun. The great evil in Yankee Stadium is haze. Because of the big crowds and the three-tiered grandstand that loops closely around the infield and the way the fans tend to pack into the seats nearest that loop, the cigarette and cigar smoke hangs in a solid blanket over the field near home plate, turning the area into a dazzling, almost impenetrable wall of translucent light. Because the sun is off to their left, the right fielder and center fielder do not notice the haze too much. But in left, where the doomed man gets the glare right in the eyes, it is blinding. "Flah flies aren't so bad," says Charlie Keller. "It's those low ones that get you. Sometimes, on a low line drive, you don't see the ball for seconds. Eventually, I guess I learned to play it by sound."

AN OBSTACLE COURSE

"That foul line out there is rough, too," says Woodling. "It fades away. Then you have to learn to play a ball off that low railing. And there's a place they store a hose out there; the ground there has ridges this high. The best way to play left field in Yankee Stadium is to make friends with your pitchers and get 'em to pitch all right-handers outside."

Strangely enough, however, neither Keller nor Woodling was ever benched for defensive inabilities. The sun has not changed its position through the years. Baseball fans smoke no more these days. Visiting ballplayers admit that left field in the Stadium is difficult, but they

continue to rob Yankees of base hits. And the kind of winds that howl off San Francisco Bay, for example, or out of Lake Michigan, seldom rise from the Harlem River. "The wind," says Keller, "is not a factor."

It is becoming more and more apparent, every day, that the problem of playing left field in Yankee Stadium is—for Yankee players, at any rate—a psychological one more than anything else. And it is easy to point to the exact game when the horror arose: October 5, 1958, the day when Norm Siebern failed to catch those fly balls. His misplays cost the Yankees a World Series game against Milwaukee, and eventually they cost Siebern his job. Up until then he had been all right; never outstanding, but at least all right. From that moment his life was miserable. Fans yelled unkindnesses from the stands. Kids closed their autograph books when he appeared, and 10 Norm Siebern bubble-gum cards wouldn't get you one Bobby Del Greco. Opposing ball-players kidded his ears red, and sportswriters, running out of stories, could always get Siebern to say a few words about playing Yankee Stadium's left field.

HE JUST BOOTED 'EM

To Siebern's credit, he never made an alibi, either for his World Series failures or for those which dogged him the following year. "I'm just a lousy fielder," he would say. "I just booted 'em." From a .300 hitter, he dropped off to .271, was traded to Kansas City, became a first baseman, and this year will probably hit .450, which will serve Yankee Stadium right.

But although Siebern has rid himself of the plague, by moving, the Yankees have been infected from head to toe. Howard, who once performed adequately, sometimes sensationally, in left field, wants no part of it any more. "I'm a catcher," he says, which may not be the real reason. Tony Kubek, perhaps the best left fielder the Yankees have had, insists that he is a shortstop. Mention the two awful words to Moose Skowron and he laughs. Andy Carey, who could be the next finger in the dike, has been working out in left under duress. Casey Stengel only growls.

"Somebody," he says, "has got to play out there."

New York writers, psychologists all, await, pencils poised.

END

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NEW HAVEN 3, CONNECTICUT

The crows lose one 233-0

North Carolina hunters, shooting as a team for the seventh straight year, outsmart and outcaw the black pests that are traditionally the most elusive of all targets in the skies

THERE WILL BE no further conversation," said Wendell Tesh, the leader of the crow hunting party, "from this point on."

Six of us were crowded into a station wagon that was rolling along a back road near the village of Poplar Branch on the seacoast of North Carolina about 25 miles north of historic Kitty Hawk.

We all nodded to Wendell, a tall, ruggedly built man wearing a tattered Marine Corps jacket and a green cap. He is the senior member and No. 1 caller of a group of North Carolina businessmen who have been crow hunting together every spring for seven years now. The group includes Tom Coppedge and Max Sessions, who, like Wendell Tesh, come from Winston-Salem, and Arnold "Sol" Tesh (no relation to Wendell), who is from Lexington, N.C. Also hunt-

ing this day was Max's brother Hoyt Sessions, visiting from Dallas, Texas. Though an experienced hunter, Hoyt had never shot crows before.

I was along as observer and non-combatant. I had been offered one of the 12-gauge shotguns but had declined for two reasons: 1) it was just possible that, in the excitement, I might wing a crow hunter instead of a crow, and 2) I am a secret admirer of crows.

My admiration for crows began when I read a line from Henry Ward Beecher which said, "If men had wings and bore black feathers, few of them would be wise enough to be crows." Elsewhere I had read about how crows post a sentry along roads like the one we were traveling to give the alarm if hunters appear. I had been convinced by old crow men that the birds speak an actual language of



THE COMPLETE CROWMAN, Sol Tesh, is equipped with recorded crow calls, camouflage outfit, repeating shotgun.

their own and hold meetings to discuss future movements and new ideas for bedeviling people, cats, horned owls, hawks and other of their foes. Crows have no friends.

Actually, despite my own admiration for them in their outwitting of humans (President Eisenhower tried calling them on his farm at Gettysburg and failed miserably), there is nothing really good to be said for crows. They ruin cornfields and rob birds' nests and eat the eggs. They kill birds and small chickens and will peck a cat to death sometimes. Down South they dig up peanuts. That is why farmers are overjoyed when crow hunters appear.

Our station wagon stopped at the edge of a wooded area adjoining a cornfield. We got out and closed the doors as silently as so many burglars. Sol Tesh brought out his battery-operated record player and some recorded crow calls he had bought from Abercrombie & Fitch in New York.

Everyone looked at Wendell Tesh for instructions. He headed into the woods and we followed him. When Wendell had found a spot to his liking, he directed us to our stations. I was put behind a tree, out of the line



THE WINNING SIDE from left, includes Wendell Tesh, Max Sessions, Sol Tesh, Tom Coppedge. Coppedge had to wait two years for the right to use crow calls.

of fire. The others, all wearing variations of camouflage, were concealed in the undergrowth. Wendell moved off a few feet and signaled Sol Tesh to get his record player set up.

Four of the five hunters were to participate in the calling: Max Sessions, Sol Tesh, Tom Coppedge and, of course, Wendell himself. As a novice at crow shooting, Hoyt Sessions was disqualified; Tom Coppedge had had to serve a two-year apprenticeship before he was permitted to call. Now, nobody was to start calling until Wendell Tesh had set the theme with his 18-year-old caller, hand-made by a certain Tom Turpin of Memphis, Tenn.

WHERE ARE THE CROWS?

I looked up at the sky through the trees and peered across the cornfield through the underbrush. There were no crows. There were no sounds of distant crows.

Then Wendell raised the crow call to his lips and began a quick, staccato caw-caw-caw—not quite a distress call (he told me later), but a kind of a “What-the-hell-is-going-on-in-here!” alert in crow talk. A moment later the record player started up with an unholy din of real-life crow calls: the fighting call, the come-on call, the crippled-crow call, the surprise call. Tom Coppedge added his English-made (and slightly English-accented) call; Max Sessions came in with his American-made call and then Tom Coppedge switched to his hawk call. The racket was ear-splitting.

Suddenly, across the cornfield, the crows started coming, racing over the treetops like strafing planes. They came from all directions: low-flying crows and the high-flying fish crows that make a specialty of stealing from seagulls along the Carolina seacoast. Overhead, a hawk appeared out of nowhere and hung over the treetops.

The shooting began, but there was no letup in the mechanical crow calling. Wendell Tesh would drop the crow call from his lips to shoot; then cradle his gun and resume calling almost without an interruption of his call. This was the important thing about it all; it was essential to keep the calls going or the crows would vanish with the first shot.

Everybody was shooting. Crows fell all around us. The hawk plummeted to earth. A crow fluttered

continued

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HUNTING *continued*

down slowly and Sol Tesh dashed deeper into the woods to retrieve it: a crippled crow was a prime objective, for he would serve as a decoy at the next stand.

The crows seemed thoroughly bewildered by the expertise of the hunters; a novice never would have brought them in in the first place, and, in some parts of the country one shot will disperse them no matter how convincing the callers are. At last, the horrible truth dawned on the circling, diving birds: they had been had, tricked, booby-trapped. They took off.

A COLD, COLD LOOK

We drove at least three miles to the next stand to find another flock of crows that hadn't been informed of our activity in the neighborhood. Again conversation was shut off, again the station wagon doors were quietly closed. The crippled crow that Sol Tesh had retrieved was placed in the new cornfield and secured to a rock by an old boot lace.

I stood over the decoy and watched him peek patiently, trying to untie the knot of the lace on his leg. I stooped down and took a closer look at him. He stopped pecking and looked at me. It was a cold, not a frightened, look. It seemed to say something like, "Get lost, bud. I'll beat this rap."

Of course, he didn't. He just brought more crows into the trap when the calls began—at this second stand and at the third and the fourth. At the end, the score of the morning's competition between smart hunters and smart crows stood at 48 to 0 in favor of the hunters. Finally, the decoy himself was dispatched. With his passing, he raised the hunters' grand total (this was the third day of shooting) to 253 crows.

That evening Mrs. Bertha Gregory, who has the hunting and fishing lodge in Poplar Branch where we were staying, served a fine dinner of southern fried chicken. As we talked over the day's adventures, I still couldn't get that crippled decoy crow out of my mind. I secretly resolved to do something nice for the next crows I came across up North. It made me feel better and I passed my plate for seconds of chicken—about which I am not at all sentimental. **END**



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FRENCH FINISH

continued from page 27

was able to make only the club ace. In the other room, the American pair reached the slam by this bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	1 ♠	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	PASS

As Jans and Trézel play the slam double, it calls for an unusual lead but leaves the choice to the leader. Jans decided that a heart lead was called for and opened that suit. Trézel collected his two aces and the slam went down 200 points for a total loss of 1,570 or 10 IMPs.

The Bridge-Rama in Italy, which is pronounced much the same as Bridge-O-Rama in the U.S., and has the same function—to keep spectators informed on the play of a hand—differs from its American counterpart in the way it operates. It gives no commentary during the play and little more than the result when a deal is over. Therefore, a player who makes an unfortunate lead is apt, in the eyes of the spectator, to become a scapegoat when, in fact, his choice may have been blameless.

Our team lost heavily as a result of Howard Schenken's lead in the following deal which helped France win the Olympiad. Yet, without knowing what the opponents held in their hands, I am sure I would have made the same lead. Certainly no alternative would have occurred to me.

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH			
♠ 8 6			
♥ A 6 4			
♦ 8 7			
♣ K 8 7 5 3 2			
WEST			
♥ A 5			
♠ K 5 3 2			
♦ A 3 2			
♣ Q J 9 6			
EAST			
♥ J 10 9 7 3			
♠ J 10 7			
♦ 3 9 6 5 4			
♣ none			
SOUTH			
♠ K Q 4 3			
♥ Q 9 8			
♦ K Q 10			
♣ A 10 4			

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Schenken)	(Trézel)	(Gipert)	(Jans)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	1 N.T.
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: club queen

The club opening cost the defenders both time and a vital trick. South won with the ace and returned the 10, establishing five club tricks while losing only one. Declarer established two diamonds and a spade, and these, along with the ace of hearts, were enough to bring home the game.

In the other room, a weakish no-trump bid by the West player for France elicited a two-club response from partner and kept South out of the auction. West bid two hearts and East corrected to two spades, which became the final contract.

The king of diamonds was opened and allowed to win and, when North played the 7, East dropped the 6 to make that card appear as a come-on signal. South continued by leading the diamond queen, won by the ace. Declarer hastened to play the ace and another spade, and eventually brought in four diamonds, three spades and a heart trick to make his two-spade contract. Our total loss was 510 points or six IMPs—enough to have transformed our match from a loss to a tie and to have affected the entire outcome of the tournament.

Throughout the 12-day Olympiad, Great Britain played brilliantly. The team's top pair, Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro, were at the peak of their form, and they were never more deft than when they defended against a no-trump game contract bid by Stayman, always a difficult man to fool. The key play was a clever false card by Schapiro, but both defenders, it will be seen, made the most of their opportunities.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH			
♠ K 9 8 5			
♥ J 10 8			
♦ J 7 5			
♣ J 10 5			
WEST			
♠ J 7 3			
♥ 9 4 3			
♦ A Q 3			
♣ K Q 7 3			
EAST			
♠ Q 10 4 2			
♥ 7 6 2			
♦ 10 8 4			
♣ 9 8 6			
SOUTH			
♠ A 6			
♥ A K Q 5			
♦ K 9 6 2			
♣ A 1 2			

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Reese)	(Schapiro)	(Stayman)	(Gipert)
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: club queen

West opened a low heart. Against game contracts in no trump, skillful players often are disinclined to adopt an aggressive defense, lest the tactic present their adversaries with an early advantage in a deal. From this point of view, Reese's lead was impeccable.

South won with the heart king and led a diamond toward dummy's jack. West ducked and the jack won the trick. On the return diamond lead from dummy, Schapiro played the 10 and created an illusion from which declarer never recovered. His king lost to Reese's ace, and South assumed that the queen and 8 of diamonds were behind his 9-6, so that another diamond trick could not be established by force.

Reese shifted to the jack of spades. South won with the ace and returned the 8, finessing dummy's 8 and losing to East's 10. East returned the 6 of clubs, ducked by South and won by West's King—another false card that helped to complete the mirage in declarer's mind. West exited with a heart won by declarer, and a third beat was led to dummy's jack. In dummy for the last time, declarer had to cash the king of spades and choose a discard. He got rid of the 6 of diamonds and then tried another finesse in clubs. Reese captured the club and diamond queens to defeat the contract.

In the other room, against the lead of the 3 of spades, South went after the diamonds. East did not false-card and eventually South made four no trump, winning three spades, two diamonds, four hearts and one club. The swing of 480 was worth five IMPs to England.

Despite France's triumph, don't count the Italians out. They will be back. As 1959 European champions, they will play in the 1961 world bridge championship for the Bermuda Bowl in Buenos Aires next April. The other teams: the French, the Argentines, who have won the South American championship three years in a row, and a U.S. team to be selected from among the winners and runners-up in our top tournaments this year. The competition figures, as always, to be intense, but I doubt that anything that happens at Buenos Aires or any place else in the next few years will match the excitement of France's 11th-hour victory last week at Turin.

END



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some slipping and sliding around, and it's easy enough to blame the track. But remember, everyone had to run over the same track. My horse just quit on it." Actually, unbeknownst to Shoemaker, Tompion lost his left front shoe at some still-undetermined point in the race—a mishap that injured the hoof wall badly enough to cause the colt to be withdrawn from next week's Preakness.)

There was no quitting for Venetian Way, then or later. "Just as we hit the head of the stretch," said Hartack, "I nailed Bally Ache. Although Venetian Way was willing, I hit him anyway. I wanted to go by that Bally Ache as fast as I could, and I rode my horse from there on in like someone was on my tail all the way."

As they came down the stretch, Bally Ache put on another typical demonstration of his gameness. For a fleeting instant he started to close

continued

a solitary game and practiced his golf swing.

Aracero had picked Bally Ache in the Derby (although "I feel in my heart Tompion is the best horse") because of his favorable post position. He had thought that Venetian Way "wasn't be far off. As a riding chance, fine," he said, "but betting, well, that's a different story."

He said he watched the Derby, not with excitement but with "professional interest." After it was over he said, with no evident regret: "The horse I've been holding out for all week was a winner. Hartack rode him very good. He got him through those horses on the back side, took every advantage there was all the way. Hartack's left-handed, so I couldn't tell if he was hitting him. On TV you can't tell. He might have been hitting him on the inside. Well, this was a Derby where there wasn't much talking point." And with that he went off to win the ninth race by a good three-and-a-half lengths.

"If you could ride those kind it'd be such an easy game," Aracero said when he returned to the jockeys' room. "You have an affection for a horse that can run. Ability to run alone makes you admire them."

He put on his shirt, which had E.A. sewn on each cuff and E.A. sewn inside the collar. He put on his party tie, which had E.A. on it, too. "Gee," he said, forgetting that he wasn't supposed to be excited, "Venetian Way was real easy. He moved to that horse like a man. I said like a man, like the best."

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TRAINER SOVINSKI (LEFT) AND OWNER

DENBY continued

the gap, but this time the distance was too much for him, and he gradually faded out of contention as Hartack and Venetian Way finished three-and-a-half lengths to the good. It was nearly eight lengths back to third-place Victoria Park and over two more lengths back to Tompion. The latter, beaten by 13 lengths, barely saved fourth place by a nose over Bourbon Prince. Venetian Way's final time of 2:02 2/5 was brilliant, considering the track conditions.

While no really valid excuse can be made for any loser, some special credit must go to a most deserving and gallant winner. Venetian Way chose the ideal moment to turn in his best race since his last victory over Bally Ache in the 1969 Washington Park Futurity at Arlington. He was brought up to this race perfectly by a patient trainer and ridden to the letter by one of our most capable reinsmen. No doubt, much more will be heard from Venetian Way, a colt from the first crop of Royal Coinage, the third best (behind Nashua and Summer Tan) of the 1964 2-year-olds, and from the now-harmonious team of Sovinski and Hartack.

Hartack, acting more as if he had finished last than first, bristled at newsmen in his postrace press conference, and at one point he barked sharply, "My name is Bill, not Willie, for Pete's sake." He followed this up by saying he would answer all questions except the stupid ones, and when one well-wisher, later at the

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BLUMBERG WEARS VICTORY ROSES, ALSO

winner's party, dared suggest to him that this was a night to celebrate, Hartack had an ever-ready reply: "I'm a dedicated man, dedicated to be a perfectionist. Sure, this was a good race to win, but all races are good ones to win. Winning the Derby is an accomplishment, not a celebration. One race doesn't make a person. I feel this very deeply inside, and I can't help it."

Isaac Blumberg, who has been in racing for 10 years (he was fifth in his first Derby with Admiral Porter in 1954, second with Lincoln Road in 1958), was clearly treating the occasion as both an accomplishment and a celebration. Surrounded by friends and talking against a salvo of popping champagne corks, this quiet little man who had just won \$114,850 could do little more than smile politely. "I like horses more than I like going to the races," he did say. "In fact, I still like to watch from the backstretch with the stable boys."

As another bottle of champagne was plunked down, Trainer Sovinski was awash with smiles. "After what happened today," he said, "I don't know whether I'm walking, sitting, or flying or anything." And against the competition of a lively jug band, the wise guys were busy refurbishing some old jokes, like "For an ex-baker, that Vic Sovinski sure got the dough today."

The dough was won last Saturday by the tenant of Barn 17, and on Sunday the newsmen and tourists came to pay him tribute. Traffic was very light at Barn 42.

END



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Part 1 Visit to a Small Continent

OVER THE RAINBOW

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Australia, like a new-found pot of gold, shines as the latest great power in sport. Here begins the lively and revealing story of this energetic land and people

AUSTRALIA is a sports-playing, sports-watching, sports-talking, altogether sports-minded country such as the world has never known before. As a result, when a person from a games-oriented nation such as the United States visits Australia and falls in with the local fandom and practitioners, the gentle rain of sports chatter falls on his ear from morn till night with only sporadic interruption. I have been back a while now from the trip I made to that small and friendly continent this past autumn, and even now I am hard put to recall any conversations in which sport was not the accepted subject or did not inevitably intrude and take over. If the other party is at all vulnerable, Australians will talk sport almost as if they existed for nothing else.

There is a lot to talk about. Until World War II placed it smack in the path of crucial circumstances, Australia was sort of a modern Atlantis, a lost continent. What did they have out there umpteen miles away? Kangaroos, sheep, boomerangs and a few

tennis players—so went the general conception. Beyond this, not a blessed thing, and nobody gave Australia much of a thought. Since World War II, however, when the Allies' necessity to produce on the spot mothered an Australian steel industry and some attendant heavy manufacturing, Australia has come like the wind. Most importantly, because of the advances of the air age, the years of isolation from the rest of the world are finally over. Where Australians formerly grew up thinking in the terms that London was 26 days away—this was the usual length of time it took a ship to reach London from Fremantle—today in the jet era Australia is barely 26 hours away from London or New York. At the same time, for all of this wondrous change, Australia remains a young country which is just beginning to investigate itself. Though it is approximately the size of the United States, only 10 million live there, about the same as in Pennsylvania. When you then consider what the Australians have managed to do in

the intensely competitive field of international sport against nations with huge populations, it simply staggers your comprehension.

At the present time, for example, Australia holds the Davis Cup, emblematic of world supremacy in amateur tennis. In golf it holds both the Eisenhower cup (the world's amateur team championship) and the Canada Cup (the world's professional team championship). It holds "the Ashes," which means that its cricketers defeated England in their most recent test match. In women's swimming all the world freestyle records are at present held by Australians, and its male swimmers have had an almost similar monopoly since 1936, the year of Australia's sudden aquatic renaissance. In track and field its women athletes are unrivaled over the shorter distances, and its men, since the arrival of John Landy in 1954 as the world's second sub-four-minute miler, have moved out in front in the middle-distance events such as the mile and 1,500-meter runs in which the current world's records (3:54.5 and 3:36) were set by the truly amazing Herb Elliott.

And what an array of individual stars, along with Landy and Elliott, has burst forth!—Peter Thomson, winner of the British Open in 1954, '55, '56 and '58 . . . Frank Sedgman, that beautiful tennis player, won twice at Forest Hills and once at Wimbledon . . . Lew Hoad, another two-time winner at Wimbledon, not to mention Ken Rosewall, Mal Anderson, Ashley Cooper and Neale Fraser, who have in recent summers all won the United States championship and have made it four years in a row that an Australian has done so . . . the two Konrads kids, John, now 17, and Ilsa, 15, who between them hold over a dozen world swimming marks . . . also in swimming, the two record holders for the 100-meter freestyle, Dawn Fraser and John Devitt, and that consummate stylist, Murray Rose, who won the 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle events in the last Olympics.

Let us mention just a few more and then call a halt: Albert Thomas, the rising middle-distance runner, world record holder at two miles and three miles; Merv Lincoln, the miler who has up to now been forced into

continued



SURF RIDERS foregather at Garie Beach near Sydney to test their skills at a carnival sponsored by a local lifesaving club. Rugged lifeguards all, both boys and girls are volunteers.

BATHERS swarm on white sands of Greenmount Beach, 68 miles south of Brisbane, in antlike testimony to the Australians' passion for their shark-ridden and violent but always beloved seas.



TENNIS by night speckles cities like Sydney with dozens of flood-lit courts where, row upon row, young hopefuls practice for the day when they may take their place on a future Davis Cup team.

SAILORS race Dragon class sloops in Sydney's lively harbor, colorful spinnakers blossoming, while spectator craft like the *Lady Scott* (left) follow the progress of race with boatloads of bettors.





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 **ARROW** 

the role of Elliott's shadow but who has five times broken four minutes; in auto racing Jack Brabham, who ended his 1959 season as the winner of the FIA world driving championship. It is by no means a complete catalog, but there is no point in citing the heroes of cricket and Australian-rules football in which American interest is, shall we say, somewhat less than white-hot.

Why are the Australians such superb athletes? Indirectly the answer begins with the realization there is a lot more to Australia and Australians than the conventional stereotype accommodates. "The romantic conception of the Australian," John Landy was remarking this past autumn, "is a man on horseback on a dry flat plain. Frankly, he's pretty rare nowadays. We have been changing all along the line and at a very rapid rate. For example, up to recent years we haven't had too much of the automobile. Now we're certainly in the auto age. For another thing, we're fast becoming a race of dwellers." More than a third of the 10 million Australians, as a matter of fact, now live in two cities—2 million in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, over a million and a half in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. As good a way as any to become introduced to the country's unbelievable absorption in sport is to take a drive around either of these cities on a Saturday or Sunday. It soon becomes evident, even from this superficial vantage, why there is so much cream at the top of Australian sport: there is an enormous amount of milk at the bottom.

The Sunday after the Canada Cup was concluded last autumn I made my first extensive drive around Melbourne. Weary of sports after four straight days of watching golf, I was quite unmindful that I was setting up a classic appointment in Samarra, for some friends had told me that on the weekend everyone cleared out and went either to the beaches or to the handy beauty spots in the Dandenong Mountains. Downtown, true enough, there was no one around. The residents of Sydney (who carry on a feud with the residents of Melbourne akin to that between Los Angeles and San Francisco or Montreal and Toronto) are not far off the mark when they give you a mischievous little

wink and declare, "I spent a fortnight in Melbourne last Sunday." All the bars were closed, no newspapers were being printed or sold, all the restaurants were closed, all the movie houses were closed, all the sparkling new espresso shops were closed. A little farther out, though, in the wide stretches of parkland along and beyond the Yarra River, it was entirely different: life was not only stirring, it was humming.

In all the large parks every tennis court was filled, and trackmen were loosening their fibulae on the periphery. But the main activity was cricket, December being close to midsummer in Australia. In one typical broad sweep of grassed land, no less than seven cricket games were going on. In one of these the players were clad in white shirts and white flannels, but in the other games they appeared as heterogeneously as a Married Men vs. Single Men baseball fracas in an old-fashioned factory outing. The children and wives of the players, strong-faced working-class people all, lounged and ate sandwiches on the edge of the field or in autos parked along the curb. Invariably, there was one vehicle with an 18-gallon keg of beer. The cricketers would adjourn their game every 40 minutes or so, head for the keg and yield the pitch to the young 'uns, and then, refreshed in mind and spirit, resume the battle.

"AMERICA IN 1960"

"This is all very much like the United States at the turn of the century," I said to my cab driver after seeing this pattern repeated in park after park.

"That's what everyone says," he answered with a pleased smile. "America in 1960. Only the beer is supposed to be better. You put too many chemicals in yours. That's where the trouble is, isn't it?"

We drove past a stretch of the river clogged with families out boating, past a busy fly-casting club, and then past the Yarra Bend public golf course, thick with players. We slowed down at an intersection where a runner wearing a purple jersey and the marathoner's noble grimace was trotting in the wake of an automobile that was both pacing and protecting his progress through the traffic. Using the road that serves as the track for Melbourne's Grand Prix auto race, we circled Albert Park Lake, where some

were fishing and others sailing, and after a quick inspection of a former Olympics building that is now headquarters for the local table-tennis set, headed up St. Kilda Drive and farther out of town.

In its uncluttered, livable and leafy aspect, Melbourne perhaps resembles Boston more than any other American city. St. Kilda Drive, certainly, has much of the same look as Commonwealth Avenue. As the drive and the bay-front road which conjoins it ramble on into the suburbs, they pass by or near the well-pressed grounds of a good sampling of the city's numberless clubs—tennis clubs, lawn bowling clubs, cricket clubs, football clubs, motor clubs, cycling clubs—which have arisen in response to the national thirst for sports, mateship and alcoholic beverages, these last being available at the clubs' private bars at hours when the puritanical local laws have turned the public bars into deserts. On this Sunday nearly all of the clubs seemed alive with some friendly competition, as did the swimming clubs and yachting clubs still farther along Port Phillip Bay, where the public beaches were thronged and the crowds made the shore road hazardous going.

Inland, we looked at a few of the dozen fine golf courses that occupy the Sand Belt country, including the new six holes which Dick Wilson, the American, is constructing for the Metropolitan Golf Club. Shortly after this, I decided to call it a day before I became completely sports-blind, and explained this to the driver.

"Oh, you don't see much going on on Sundays," he said, somehow missing my point. "Everybody and his brother shins off."

"I know," I said. "Out to the Dandenongs."

"Exactly," he said. "Saturday, now that's the day for sport here."

This is true, as I learned the next weekend. It isn't that so many more people are engaged in sports on Saturday in Melbourne, it's just that the atmosphere is palpably more intense. The ambitions of all ages are competing in school, club or more advanced competitions, and the young are out learning. Saturday is also unlike Sunday in that the big spectator events, prohibited on the Sabbath, take place then. In the winter season the whole city turns out *en famille* at

continued

six different stadiums for the regular Australian-rules football matches among the 12 professional teams representing different districts of Melbourne. The summer schedule is more diversified. On the Saturday I am describing, for instance, the Victorian cricket team was playing South Australia in the red-brick stadium of the Melbourne Cricket Club (where, incidentally, the main events in the 1956 Olympic Games were held); the Victorian tennis championships were getting under way at Kooyong; Peter Thomson was in the process of wrapping up the 90-hole golf tournament at the Victorian Golf Club sponsored by the Pelaco Shirt Company (whose more-English-than-the-English motto is: "It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir"); and along with this, the horses were running at Moonee Ponds. This last is a matter of more than casual interest to Australians. As a point of record they are the greatest bettors in the world. In 1955, for instance, pari-mutuel betting on horse races totaled \$76 million, and betting with licensed bookmakers hit \$467 million. Statisticians have worked out that this was tantamount to an average

annual wager of \$75 by every Australian man, woman and child.

To describe the sports activities in Sydney on a typical weekend would only proffer more of the same, and it would probably be best to touch merely on the salient respects in which Sydney is different. This, for certain, it is. To start with, it is situated about 450 miles northeast of Melbourne. Where the latter has cold and damp spells in winter when the winds sweep up from Antarctica, Sydney's winters are relatively mild and its summers long and torrid. From the point of view of climate, it is accurate to say, as most people do, that Melbourne is like San Francisco and Sydney like Los Angeles, but it is Sydney which looks like San Francisco. Lovely sharp-pitched hills tumble down to the water on both the north and south shores of the glorious harbor. Ferries painted green and mustard and trimmed with red ply across the blue water, but Sydney, liking to bustle and bubble and wanting no part of the ferry-boat tempo (which to a large measure accounts for the magic which makes Hong Kong the most enjoyable city in the world today) began the erection in 1923 of the Harbor Bridge,

which, 1,650 feet in length, was the largest single span bridge in the world at the time of its completion in 1932. Today, downtown Sydney has, much to its delight, attained the thrashing pace of an American city, complete with such flowerings of modern urban culture as department stores stocked with international goods, constant fighting for the insufficient supply of taxis and a Greenwich Village section called Kings Cross, inhabited by artists, a local variety of beatniks and young men who would like nothing better than to be mistaken for Americans and who are accordingly called "Kings Cross Yanks."

Above all else, Sydney is an aquatic city. On a warm, sunny Saturday afternoon, the harbor is crammed with sailboats, principally 18-footers, Dragons and V-Js (Vaucluse Juniors), a class originated in Vaucluse Bay. Everybody swims, even the Kings Cross Yanks. They swim, body-surf, and surfboard in the breakers that cream up the yellow beaches at Bondi, Manly and other outer districts that front on the ocean. They swim at the smaller strips of beach along the irregular inlets of the harbor and in harborside

AN ALBUM OF AUSSIES WHO MADE THEIR COUNTRY GREAT



DON BRADMAN



SIR NORMAN BROOKES



JOHN BROMWICH



FRANK SEDGMAN



NEALE FRASER



MURRAY ROSE

pools, wooden-frame rectangles which edge out into the water, some of them equipped with peripheral underwater netting to keep the sharks out. And they swim in orthodox pools, an ever-increasing number of them. "Swimming pools are becoming like service stations," Frank Guthrie, one of Australia's outstanding coaches, commented recently. "Every city council is putting them up. Five years ago in greater Sydney we had three Olympic-length pools, 50 meters long. Next summer there'll be 20." The need for more facilities becomes more explicit when you realize that in one January week this year no fewer than 56,000 people paid their way into the Canterbury Municipal Pool, which Guthrie runs with the aid of five assistants. It is simply in the air in Sydney, learning to swim, to swim well, to swim superlatively. The first four girls ever to break five minutes for the 400-meter freestyle all lived in Sydney within eight miles of each other, and there are 1,200 boys and girls around the city training seriously—working, that is, with the idea they are going to be multiple world champions like the Konrads kids.

The amazing Konradses, John, 17, and Lisa, 15 (SI, Jan. 4), do their

swimming at the municipal pool in the bleak industrial suburb of Bankstown. I went out one afternoon to see them in action, for to be in Australia and not to watch their top athletes perform is as unthinkable as to journey to Chartres and skip the cathedral. In my mind a definite picture had formed of what I would see: the Konradses would have the pool to themselves, as befitted world champions. As they churned up and down, up and down, their styles would be carefully noted by dozens of open-mouthed youngsters who had done their swimming earlier and were standing around toweling themselves off.

Not at all! The pool was dense with the bobbing heads and splashing arms of 200 to 250 kids. Some were simply horsing around, but many of them were churning up and down the length of the pool, just as John and Lisa were doing, once I located the Konradses in the tangle. None of the other swimmers seemed to be aware that they were the Konradses. At least, nobody bothered to get out of their way, and there in front of me, as I watched John, for example, was the curious spectacle of a world champion dodging a 10-year-old, then barreling forth

for five uninterrupted yards, cutting out and around two girls chatting as they dog-paddled, treating himself to seven yards of open water, breaking pace and swimming around a small body doing the dead man's float and so on and on.

I later mentioned to Don Talbot, the chunky young Bankstown coach who brought John and Lisa along, that I imagined things were different in the early morning sessions from 6 to 7:30 a.m. "No," he answered, looking at me with a mild expression, "it's no different in the mornings. Everybody's here, the lot of them. Cold days, rainy days, windy days, they're all here."

Away from Sydney and Melbourne, in the smaller cities and towns, the pace is understandably less agitated, but the same mosaic of men in motion is generally true, as it is in Brisbane in tropical Queensland, in churchified Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and in the lovely city of Perth, way out west on the rim of the Indian Ocean.

The terrarium of sport that is Australia today was the last major land mass discovered by Western man. It

continued



DAWN FRASER



JACK DONALDSON



JOHN LANDY



THE KONRAD KIDS



HERB ELLIOTT



ALBERT THOMAS



PETER THOMSON



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AUSTRALIA *continued*

remained mostly terra incognita, as far as the rest of the world was concerned, from 1606, when the Dutch explorer William Janszoon first found it, and 1770, when Captain James Cook charted its eastern coast and claimed it for Great Britain, until World War I, when the northern hemisphere for the first time had a good look at the kind of men Australians were. Over 333,000 diggers served overseas, and their outright bravery at Gallipoli and in other fearsome actions earned the admiration of a world that had not known what to expect but certainly had not expected what the Australians had to show. After all, even the knowledgeable scarcely knew more about the distant continent than that it had replaced America after the Revolutionary War as Britain's dumping ground for prisoners, had developed in its brawling pioneer days a breed of settler devoted to egalitarianism as well as a landed class that had become rich through sheep; that there had been a gold rush followed by a slumping economy and the rise of a militant unionism before the turn of the century when the Commonwealth of Australia came into being—but all this was of little or no interest to the outside world and was viewed just as a storm in a billypot.

After the 1918 armistice everyone went back to look after his own backyard, and the Australians went back to theirs. Only when World War II broke out did the country again emerge from obscurity, this time for keeps. Overseas the Australian soldier solidified his reputation, and back home the country became far more industrialized, pushed forward into modern times over and past its own inertia by its technologically advanced allies. Australia's continued prosperity since the war undoubtedly has had a lot to do with the splendid results of its new immigration program, its biggest postwar step, which has seen a million and a half new people pour in during this last decade. These are the "New Australians." Drawn from Italy and Sicily, from Hungary and other central European countries, and from northern Europe as well as from Britain, their story comprises a heartening and almost unique chapter in the sad and often tragic annals of immi-

gration. They are not only thoroughly accepted, they are extremely popular. Many of the New Australians are employed in heavy and medium industry, where their zeal for work has been happily contagious, but their mark is most clearly visible in the changing cityscape of Melbourne and Sydney. Until quite recently the bulk of the downtown areas of these cities had all the charm of Glasgow, but today this cheerless sepiat sea has finally been punctuated for fair. There are dozens of new restaurants operated by New Australians, dozens of new bakeries, new flower shops, new specialty shops, new pizzerias, new music stores, new delicatessens, and hundreds of new espresso shops—nothing lavish but each bequeathing a new little note of gaiety and a whole new range of products to enjoy. "They taught us how to eat," an Australian public relations man I know confessed one day as he dug into his dish of *cassata*. "What do you think you could have got here in our restaurants five years ago? Fish and chips and a piece of steak with an egg on top. Then you'd had it." He paused to refill our glasses. "Look, we produce fairly good wines here, and now we all drink it with our meals. Five years ago if you saw a bloke you knew drink a little plonk, you'd begin to wonder about him, the crazy plonko. The New Australians were just what we needed."

From the beginning Australia was a land of hardy, outdoor men, but it was almost as slow in developing sports stars of the first caliber as it was in other directions. Australian sport divides itself into three main eras: an early period from 1800 to 1920, a middle period from 1920 to 1946, and the present bonanza period from 1946 on. In the 19th century there was, as you would expect, a sort of frontier cast to recreation. The big game, as in the mother country, was cricket. (The first test match with England was played in 1877, the Australians providing surprisingly tough opposition from the start.) Horse racing most commonly took the form of "picnic races," held on makeshift tracks at someone's ranch—or station, as the Australians call it—as a feature of a weekend outing. The first running of the Melbourne Cup, the national classic, was held at the Flemington course in 1861. From

the outset, interest in it was considerable, but it did not presage that the time would come when the day of the race, the first Tuesday in November, would be an official state holiday in Victoria. There was some track and field. An Australian by the name of E. H. Flack won the 800- and 1,500-meter events in the 1896 Olympics but, significantly, he lived and trained in London.

Professional foot racing was far more popular. Its centers were the old gold-mining towns like Bendigo and Stawell where, long after the first rich strikes had been exhausted, the inhabitants were still possessed by the urge to plunge heavily and found an outlet of sorts in betting on foot races. The Bendigo Thousand and the Stawell Gift, a 130-yard handicap race, still go on today. Leading up to the final, which can be worth as much as \$11,500 to the winner and his backers, the Stawell Gift is run in heats on autumn weekends. The idea, of course, is to bring your runner along slyly under wraps so that, while he manages to stay alive in the qualifying heats, he disguises his full speed in the preliminaries and so is assessed helpful handicaps.

The most celebrated of these early professional sprinters was Jack Donaldson, "The Blue Streak." The fastest human alive at the time, Donaldson set a world mark for the 100 (9 1/4) and in 1913 for the 300 (29 1/2) which stood for more than three decades (Mel Patton finally cracked the 100-yard record in 1948 after Herb McKinley had bettered Donaldson's time for the 300-yard in 1946).

However, the first national sports hero in the modern sense was Norman Brookes, the tennis player. A deliberate man of dour visage who could concentrate like a Hogan, Brookes was 28 when he made his debut in Davis Cup competition in 1905, the same year he was defeated in the challenge round at Wimbledon. Two years later, with his rare instinct for half-court play backed up by an improved spin service, Brookes broke through at Wimbledon and then led the Australasia team—the other half was Tony Wilding of New Zealand—to its historic Davis Cup victory over the British Isles by taking his two singles matches in straight sets with the loss of only 16 games.

continued

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AUSTRALIA (continued)

Australasia—it wasn't until 1924 that Australia and New Zealand fielded separate teams—successfully defended the cup against challenges by the U.S. in 1908 at Melbourne, in 1909 at Sydney and in 1911 at Christchurch in New Zealand before falling before the British in 1912. This five-year reign confirmed the antipodes as a ranking tennis power, and in 1914, on the eve of World War I, they reconfirmed it by wresting the cup back from the U.S. at Forest Hills. This was the occasion of the dramatic return match between Brookes and our young, hard-hitting star, Maurice McLoughlin, whom Brookes had outlasted in five sets at Christchurch. After a monumental battle in the opening set, McLoughlin finally won it at 17-15, and the next two came rather easily at 6-3, 6-3. Brookes at this time was 37. He was 43 when he made his farewell to cup competition in 1920, losing to Tilden and Johnston, but only after pushing these gifted young men to four sets. By this time, largely because Brookes's exploits had fired the imagination of his countrymen, tennis had become rooted as a national game.

In the middle period (1920-1946) Australia was represented more regularly than before in international sports competitions, but made only a secondary impress. This was due not so much to a decline in its own standards as it was to the levels of excellence being reached by the athletes of other nations, in particular the U.S., which in the 1920s produced its first great flowering of international sports championships. For example, it was not until 1939, again on the eve of a great war, that Australia regained the Davis Cup. In track and field Australia all but dropped out of sight during this period—and in swimming as well. This was surprising inasmuch as Australia from the 1890s on had produced great swimmers, not to mention a basic swimming term itself, the "Australian crawl." Alex Wickham, a Polynesian, is credited by some with being the first to use this double-over-arm stroke, moving both arms out of the water, and employing a real leg thrash. When Wickham first performed in Australia, a pool owner, one George Farmer, is said to have exclaimed, "Look at that fellow! He's

crawling over the water!" Nevertheless, after the 1924 Olympics, when one thought of swimming, one no longer thought of Australia but of the Americans and, later on, the Japanese.

A 20-YEAR CHAMPION

The golf, on the other hand, got better. The first Australian golfer to attract attention was Joe Kirkwood, who is remembered not so much for his tournament play as for being the pioneer (and still one of the best) of the trick-shot artists. As for the more specialized sports, in sculling there was Bobby Pearce, the carpenter who won the single sculls in the 1928 and 1932 Olympics, and in billiards Walter Lindrum, whom many Australians consider their "greatest ball-game master," a claim that seems grandiose until you realize that Lindrum gained the world's championship in English billiards in 1931 and held it undefeated until he retired in 1951. Lindrum, in fact, was as superior to his competition that he could get a match only if he spotted his opponents a handicap of 7,000 points. At the present time this neat, clear-eyed little man, 62 years old, reminiscent of Willie Hoppe in his intuitive class, runs a billiard parlor in Flinders Lane in Melbourne when he is not on exhibition tours adding to the \$6,500,000 his appearances have already raised for charities.

In the major sports the big exception to Australia's generally static position between the two wars was its ascendancy as a cricket power, the cricket power. The beginning of Australia's dominance was heralded when England went down to defeat in the first eight test games after the first World War. In 1930 the old country's dreams of regaining its former perch were dealt a smashing blow, for the matches that year witnessed the arrival of Don Bradman as the cricketer of the century. As you probably know, in cricket it takes the equivalent of a solid .320 hitter in baseball to score 100 runs, or a century, in top-flight competition. To give you an idea of Bradman's prowess, at his first crack at the strange English wickets in the 1930 matches he reeled off successive scores of 254, 334 and 232. He won that series of games almost single-handedly, and his batting probably decided the outcome of about half the test matches in which he ap-

continued



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SINGAPORE SUNG—1 oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin, 2 oz. Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, 1 oz. Hiram Walker Cherry Flavored Brandy, 1 oz. Lemon Juice, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar. Shake well with cracked ice and pour without straining into 12 oz. glass, fill with seltzer, decorate with slice of orange or pineapple.



STINGER—½ oz. Hiram Walker White Creme de Menthe, ¼ oz. Hiram Walker's Select and Rare Brandy. Shake with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.



MINT FRAPPE—Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe over ice to fill glass, serve with two small colored straws.



BLACKBERRY SOUR—1 jigger Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Juice of ½ lemon. Shake in shaved ice. Strain into sour glass, add squirt of soda, slice of orange, and top with cherry.



GRASSHOPPER—1 oz. Hiram Walker White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. Light Cream. Shake with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass.



ALEXANDER COCKTAIL—1 oz. Hiram Walker Brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker London Dry Gin, 1 oz. Light Cream. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Sprinkle nutmeg on top.

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VENERATED REMAINS of great Phar Lap are now exhibited in Melbourne museum.

AUSTRALIA continued

peared until his retirement in 1948. This wiry, average-sized, inexhaustible real estate clerk was, it seemed, eternally at bat, staring gimlet-eyed at a succession of harried bowlers and then lashing the ball to all corners of the field hour after hour, in fact, day after day.

Bradman, now Sir Donald and a broker in Adelaide who rarely struts his stuff in public except at clinics for kids, was one of the two great heroes of this period. The other was Phar Lap, the New Zealand-bred chestnut gelding, winner of the Melbourne Cup, the Victoria Derby, the Australian Jockey Club Derby and many other races. In the spring of 1932 when Phar Lap, then a 6-year-old, came to America to race, all of Australia was with him in spirit. The country swelled with pride when he won his first important start, the \$50,000 Agua Caliente Handicap. You can imagine the national shock when the tragic news came through a week or so later that Phar Lap was dead. The circumstances were mysterious, but for Australians it was hard fact and not conjecture that he had been poisoned, put out of the way by gangsters who had lost heavily on him. Phar Lap was carried back to Australia, his heart enshrined at the Institute of Anatomy in Canberra and his body stuffed and mounted and placed in a signal position in the National Museum in Melbourne.

Most Australians have by now forgiven us for not taking better care of

Phar Lap, but there are still a number of people, I was told, who find it hard to suppress their bitterness. On the afternoon I went to see him at the museum in Melbourne, I was wondering if perhaps I would hear any outbursts of recrimination. It was a rainy afternoon, and when I arrived there was no one else in the large hall where the big chestnut racer, magnificently mounted, stands enclosed in glass, extraordinarily lifelike, noble of eye, a snaffle bit in his mouth and black and white reins resting on his neck. I gazed at him for five minutes and then, awaiting the possible arrival of some Australians whose remarks I might overhear, studied the adjacent collections of bowerbirds and mollusks. At length two little girls, about 12, I would guess, entered the hall and slowly made their way along the wall of exhibits leading to the corner where Phar Lap stands. I quietly drifted near them. For a minute or so they looked up at Phar Lap wordlessly. Finally one spoke up and said to her friend, with that singularly breathless, liquid intonation that children of English stock alone have, "He's lovely, isn't he?"

There were few if any indications at the close of World War II that we would soon be seeing Australia producing wonder athletes in a wide field of sports. It did not happen immediately. We are apt to forget, for instance, so commanding has Australia's dominance of amateur tennis been in the last decade, that its first postwar Davis Cup teams were no match for ours. But in 1950 Australian sports entered an age every bit as golden as anything the U.S. has ever known. The Davis Cuppers led the way, the prospect of acting as host to the 1956 Olympics spurred the nation on, Landy in track and the late John Marshall in swimming astonished their countrymen by their feats and their methods of training, and, before you knew it, Australia had established itself as the land of the record breakers.

NEXT WEEK

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Chicago White Sox** pitching continued to draw lots of comment. Herb Score, wild against the Orioles, set down the Senators for six innings with three hits, two walks. Early Wynn, still without a victory, lasted five innings for the first time all season, only to be shelled in the seventh. The club's revitalized pinch-hitting won one game, drove in six runs.

The **New York Yankees** won four straight, held first place until the White Sox came to town. Roger Maris (16 for 17, 7 RBIs) soared into the .470s, while Bill Short and Ralph Terry pitched strong, low-hit wins. With no help from their friendly left-field screen (two homers at Fenway were both to right), the **Boston Red Sox** climbed all the way to third. Thirsting for right-handed power, Manager Jurgens obtained veteran Rip Repulski, commented caustically: "We won't have any trouble making room for him." Lack of relief pitching hurt the **Cleveland Indians**. Gary Bell, who started and won two games, had to come in and save another. "This team needs a stopper," mourned Manager Gordon. "Stand by for ulcers." Easing the ulcer count was the long-delayed hitting of Tito Francona (11 for 21, 7 RBIs) and Homburg-wearing, cigar-smoking Walt Bond (2 HRs, 6 RBIs). Toughest problem for the **Baltimore Orioles** may be a lack of paying customers. Despite clusters of runs and a trading-stamp deal with local merchants, the Orioles have not been drawing well for big series with the contenders. After 12 one-run decisions in 14 games, the **Washington Senators** gave their jittery

fans some relief—they lost three straight by a larger margin. The **Kansas City Athletics** ran their slump to seven losses in eight games, avoided the cellar only by grace of Detroit. The club fell to seventh in team batting; every one of its 14 home runs this year has come with the bases empty. The **Detroit Tigers** moved backward with startling speed, hurtled from first place to last in five days. Back home, some fans noted the Boudreau-for-Grimm switch, suggested the Tigers replace Dylons with Broadcaster George Kell.

Standings: Ch 12-6 NY 10-6 Bos 8-7, Cle 7-8, Det 10-9, Wash 7-10 KC 6-11, Bal 5-10

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Alfonso Wauh (200)	34	14	28
Woodling, Balt (236)	14	9	27
Mykle NY (214)	18	6	25
Munroe Chi (199)	12	13	25
Beckie, Balt (242)	10	10	25
Robinson, Balt (263)	11	14	25
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Glenaville Phil (207)	17	17	34
Shorene, Phil (243)	19	12	31
McGuire SF (277)	15	15	30
May, SF (416)	17	13	28
Barke, Chi (247)	12	16	28

* Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Muzzled by Cincinnati, the **San Francisco Giants** roared back to smash the Pirates three straight and take over first place. Willie Mays made two errors in one game and was baffled by changeups in another, but it didn't matter. Superb pitching (especially by Mike McCormick) and big hitting more than made up for minor lapses. The **Pittsburgh Pirates** two-man staff—Vern Law and Bob Friend—finally crumbled and the tremors shook the whole team. The Pirates won only once all week (from the last-place Cubs). Shoddy relief work by Elroy Face and Fred Green blew two games. The **Milwaukee Braves** had four games postponed by rain or cold weather, yet managed to gain a half game on the leaders. With the team on the road, County Stadium officials sneaked in a nickel boost in the price of hot dogs. A sharp upturn in pitching brought the **Cincinnati Reds** seven straight victories. Cal McLish won his first two games, and Jim O'Toole and Jay Hook each beat the Cards (O'Toole



SURPRISE STARS were the Red Sox' Bill Monbouquette and Reds' Jim O'Toole, who each won two. Bill threw one-hitter.

had a walkless game for the first time in his professional career). Reliever Bill Henry saved three games; he faced 10 batters and retired all of them, seven by strikeouts. The **St. Louis Cardinals'** power suddenly wore thin (14 runs, no homers in six games), and the ragged fielding began to show through. Desperate for base hits, Manager Hennis loaded his outfield with malnourished sluggers, winced as they misplayed fly balls, ground balls, line drives. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** just weren't hitting. Only one regular, Wally Moon, was above .250, and the management talked of hopping off some nonproductive heads. Two Dodgers made off-guard admissions that club spirit has not been on a par with last season. To make things worse, starter Roger Craig fractured a collarbone and will be out for two months. New Manager Lou Boudreau and his **Chicago Cubs** got what they needed: more than three straight postponements. "We're arm-fatigued," said Boudreau. "The first thing is to get our pitchers in rotation." Most arm-fatigued of all was Glen Hobbie, who started once, relieved twice in five days. The **Philadelphia Phillies** won their first game in Los Angeles since July 1958. Jim Owens turned in his second (and the Phils' second) complete game, and Robin Roberts pitched creditably after four failures.

Standings: SF 14-7, Phil 13-8, Mil 8-7, Cal 11-11, LA 10-12 StL 9-11, Pitt 9-13, Chi 6-12

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
NY Terry	1.80	Short	2.85
Chi Soley	6.80	Bawone	3.28
Bos. Gaudin	2.00	Monbouquette	3.40
Clel Bell	1.80	Sligmon	3.38
Balt. Brown	1.57	Barker	2.16
Wash. Rosen	3.80	Peasant	4.13
KC Johnson	1.25	Wardner	1.80
Det. Lary	2.75	Banning	3.72

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Phil Friend	1.30	Law	2.05
SF O'Dell	1.85	McCormick	2.00
LA Spahn	2.63	Headline	3.32
San O'Toole	1.45	Farley	2.38
ML Podres	2.19	Grypishe	2.30
StL McDaniell	6.00	Miller	2.85
Phil Ferrell	0.54	Gonzalez	3.75
Chi Johnson	7.57	Anderson	4.00

Based statistics through Saturday, May 7

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
NY Maris	477	Shorene	263
Chi. Mazou	296	Servis	254
Bos. Rameis	290	Boudin	250
Clel. Power	138	Peasant	254
Balt. Hanson	345	Pelanc	318
Wash. Allison	379	Gardner	252
KC. Lunge	381	Servis	319
Det. Frawsht	355	Kikun	245

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
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SF. May	416	Dovergert	316
ML. Ayan	395	Sabandenz	322
Clel. White	315	Kimbo	312
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StL. Butler	393	Spencer	314
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Chi. Ashburn	288	Wit	273

Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: Are baseball players overpaid in comparison to athletes in other professional sports?



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Giants

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BUZZ PATRICK
Old Greenwich, Conn.
General Manager,
New York Rangers

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HOTBOX continued



**HEDLEY
WOODHOUSE**
*Miami Springs, Fla.
Jockey*

If the average baseball player gets \$13,000 a year, he's either greatly overpaid in relation to the average jockey or we are grossly underpaid. The average jockey earns from \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year, and he really works the entire year. A baseball player's season is six months, and his occupation is not nearly as hazardous.



CARMEN BASILIO
*Chittenango, N.Y.
Former welterweight
and middleweight
champion*

Baseball players are paid what they deserve, based on their drawing power. They're not overpaid, but boxers are underpaid. Take the main-bout boys on TV. They get \$5,000 a fight and possibly four fights a year. The preliminary four-round boys are paid \$75 to \$150. It's a hard, tough way to earn a little money.



KARL H. POSKY
*Union, N.J.
Member, Beta team
German-American
Soccer League*

By soccer standards, they are grossly overpaid. A soccer player has to be better-conditioned and faster-thinking. The professionals here average \$20 a game. They get more on the Continent, but only in Italy do they make big money. Top pay there is only \$40,000 a year, and they draw crowds up to 150,000.



BILL SHARRAN
*Needham, Mass.
Boston Celtics
basketball player*

No. Their season is about six months, ours five to six months. Basketball is more strenuous and we play four or five games a week, but baseball games are longer and draw much bigger crowds per game. The average basketball pay of \$9,600 to \$10,600 compares favorably with the baseball average of about \$14,000.

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JACK KRAMER
Los Angeles, Calif.
Entrepreneur, pro
tennis

Yes, Pancho Gonzales, top man in tennis, earns about \$75,000 a year. Mays at \$85,000 is certainly overpaid, compared to Pancho, because Mays isn't as important to baseball as Gonzales is to tennis. I can't pay Pancho more because the money isn't there. Besides, our men play from nine to 12 months a year.



TOMMY BOLT
Crystal River, Fla.
Golf pro

There are 35 or 40 golf pros who compare to baseball players. The best of this group are better paid than the top baseball stars, and all of them average a lot more than the big league average. I finished 33rd in winnings last year, and my total was \$13,000. And, of course, all of us make money from other sources.



**RAFAEL (PISTONE)
MAICTEQUI**
Veteran *jai alai*
player

I think some baseball players, when you get into the \$25,000-a-year class, are overpaid for the amount of actual physical activity they expend as compared to *jai alai* players. We use more physical exertion than any baseball player and make less money, approximately \$4,000 to \$6,000 less a season.



VIC CHRISTY
Los Angeles
Professional wrestler

I would say that only the top wrestlers are better paid than baseball players. Five or six men average between \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year while some 200 others make between \$25,000 to \$50,000. At the other end of the scale are a lot of wrestlers who are lucky if they earn as much as \$10,000 a year.

continued

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HOTBOX continued



DON CARTER
St. Louis
Bowling champion

That's a difficult question because only in the last five years have we televised our matches and made it possible to win large sums. Also, only 50 to 60 men bowl regularly. The champion bowler's take compares favorably with Willie Mays's pay, and our regular bowlers earn more than the baseball average of, say, \$12,000.



ROGER WARD
Speedway, Ind.
Winner of the 1959
Indianapolis "500"

No. Drivers on the national circuit average \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year as against the baseball average of \$12,000 or \$13,000. True, we take more risks, but we race only on weekends while they play six days a week, half the time at night. Winning the Indianapolis, alone, was worth more than \$100,000 to me.



MICKY VERNON
Wallingford, Pa.
Pittsburgh Pirates
coach

No. The \$75,000 salaries you read about are rare. The average pay is about \$13,000. Sure, there are quite a few players in the \$30,000 bracket, but the rookies bring the average down. Our pay certainly is deserved. The season is long and the stadiums big. We don't average much more than basketball and hockey players.



RED SMITH
Stamford, Conn.
Syndicated sports
columnist

Only compared to soccer. Soccer players are disgracefully underpaid nearly everywhere. Sure, baseball pays more than other popular sports, but the season is longer and, considering the gross revenue, the stars earn their big salaries. Pro golfers compare with baseball players in pay, but a top jockey will earn twice as much.

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Enchantment of the Esopus

The author's old fishing spot is still good sport despite the changes 23 years bring

by TOM PECK

EXPERTS say that it is usually a mistake to revisit favorite fishing spots after a lapse of years. From the number of fish caught, I suppose it is true that the results are disappointing, but I have found it can still be a lot of fun.

I grew up in New York state alongside the Esopus Creek and learned my fishing there, with the result that I am still a dyed-in-the-wool fly-fisherman. I went south to work and fish in South Carolina nearly a quarter of a century ago, and while my fly rod, until the past year or so, has been the source of local amusement, it has provided me with an ample and enjoyable number of broom, bass and crannies.

Last summer I chanced to go home to New York at the tail end of the trout season. As I drove past the Esopus, in the vicinity of Mount Tremper, I was so overcome with the urge to fish a stream and wade in running water that I stopped and bought an "alien" license.

The idea of running water was largely wishful thinking, since it had been a hot, dry summer and the Esopus was low and muddy. It was to be a nice change, however, for in the South my fishing is done from a boat in farm ponds.

I went home to assemble the necessary equipment and ran into a 15-year-old nephew who eagerly offered to guide me to the best spots.

Now, I knew in my mind's eye exactly where the "best" spots were to be found on the Esopus. It is a sad truth that I never caught any spectacular fish myself in this body of water. But I have seen some truly enormous browns displayed in neigh-

borhood taprooms, and I can recall exactly where these monsters have been snared on what I strongly suspect was garden hackle.

However, the common sense of middle age prevailed, and I admitted that a stream like the Esopus can undergo a lot of changes in 28 years. Another factor that counted heavily in my decision was that this boy had that very afternoon returned from a 50-mile endurance hike with his boy scout troop on which, as I understood him to say, he carried a heavy pack and lived on berries and mushrooms. I figured this ought to offset the fact that I was better than three times his age and somewhat bigger around the middle.

WADERS WANTED

I had my rod and a box of flies handy, but I needed to borrow a landing net and my nephew said I would need waders. My recollection was that only visiting dudes from New York City wore waders and we local folk used to just walk into the water and get wet. But I was told times had changed.

My nephew turned out to have a very sporty pair of plastic waders, but I could find only a pair of ancient hip boots belonging to my father that were at least a size too small.

We drove down the mountain to Booneville, left the car at the side of the road, crawled through the fence, and struck out through the woods. My doubts began to stir, and I dimly remembered that there used to be a path through these woods. "Not any more," I was told. "This is the real way to go." So we went.

We traveled a rough road. In the first place, it was a horizontal course along a sidehill, for the Esopus has steep banks. In the second place, we seemed to be going through a dense stand of second-growth timber with an astonishing number of fallen trees

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THE ESOPUS continued

that we had laboriously to climb over.

After about 30 minutes of this I acquired some cramped foot muscles and a fine set of blisters, and I lost several square inches of epidermis, an irreplaceable amount of breath and a large portion of my temper.

Eventually we came out on some railroad tracks that crossed over the stream on a trestle. This looked familiar, and I asked if the highway did not cross these tracks a quarter of a mile or so back from the trestle. On an affirmative reply I inquired with some heat why we had not parked the car there and walked along the right of way. I was told I could go home that way if I insisted but that no true outdoorsman ever demeaned himself by using such an easy thoroughfare.

I waited grimly for my second wind and then asked where we went from here.

"Why, nowhere," he replied, unslinging his equipment. "We fish off the trestle." And with that he hooked up a spinning rod and dangled a huge spoon in the current.

"Now look here," I said. "It seems to me that there used to be a stretch of water just below here, called the Chimney Hole, that was considered pretty hot, and then a little farther downstream where the Esopus enters the Ashokan Reservoir there used to be a big pool with quite a few fish in it. What about them?"

He shrugged disdainfully. "They're still there, but people only go to them to catch big fish."

END OF THE LINE

With that we parted company, and I invoked the authority of age in directing him to stay where he was until my return, so I wouldn't have to hunt for him on the way home.

I crossed the tracks, poked around in the bushes for a minute and, sure enough, there was a well-worn foot-path leading downstream.

I followed the path to the end and came out at a signpost marking the junction of the reservoir and the Esopus, at which point, true to memory, there appeared before me a broad, deep pool, nicely studded with swirling pockets of current.

Now the Esopus is a trout stream with a reputation. It is within 100 miles of New York City, and a paved highway runs alongside its banks for

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nearly all of its fishable length. You would be inclined to think, as I had, that the stream would either be fished out or jammed to ruination with eager anglers. Yet neither was the case.

I worked the pool with a wet fly and after half a dozen casts caught a small perch on a Parmachene Belle. I put the perch back and moved upstream, switching to dry flies. It proved to be a very enjoyable two hours. True, all I caught was half a dozen shiners and some trout too small to keep, but I must have sidetracked myself a good eight or nine times when I would see a flash jump. It was always a glimpse from the corner of my eye, and I never could be sure what it was I had seen.

A LIKELY SPOT

Those that I managed to tease into striking at a Quill Gordon all proved to be immature rainbows. Then about halfway through the Chimney Hole I struck a tiny pool that was a natural for trout. It was the fishiest looking place I'd seen all afternoon.

I flipped a fly up over the lip and let it float across. Just before the fly reached the edge it disappeared. I struck gently and it struck back. So I struck again, harder this time. Again came a hard tug. For a minute I thought I had something. But when the line slackened briefly it stayed still. Another yank brought a brisk pull in return.

Investigation brought up a red rubber ring, from a pickle jar, that had been wedged in the lip of the rocks. It was still springy enough to "strike back" when yanked.

A comparison of notes later in the day with my father revealed that he too had come to grief in that particular spot a few years before. It was here that he reeled in a full string of pearls. They were, of course, nickel-and-dime pearls, but then, as he said, "It takes an expert to catch pearls in fresh water."

At about this point on the stream my nephew caught up with me. He reported that he had lost his spoon to "an enormous carp which dashed under the trestle and made off with the terminal tackle."

Be that as it may, he was reduced to grasshoppers, and with these had secured two perch, one about four inches long and the other perhaps five. He cleaned them and wrapped

continued

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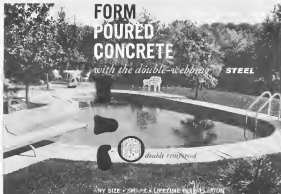
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THE ESOPUS continued

them in a handkerchief, proposing to eat them for breakfast.

I drove him home and for the rest of my stay managed to avoid going fishing with him. I understand he has some ambition to become a game warden when he reaches man's estate. I had often wondered how game wardens got to be the way they are. Now I know.

After this first trip on the stream I had the feeling that most of my flies were too big. Consequently I drove up the road to Phenicia, which is a sort of unofficial headquarters for Esopus fishermen, and went to Folkert Brothers' store. In my childhood Folkert's was considered an institution.

There are a soda fountain, a well-stocked newsstand and a generous supply of tourist gadgets such as miniature birch bark canoes and slabs of varnished pine with "Big Indian" burned into them, as well as various pennants and window stickers. Then there are counters and cases full of fishing and hunting equipment, and suitable clothing for such sport hangs on adjacent racks. It has attractions for all ages and sexes and, you might say, all sports.

Folkert's, I believe, was and is a family enterprise. I approached a pipe-smoking Folkert who, aside from grayer hair, looked much to me as he did 35 years ago. Of course, it may have been a son of the man I remember, but I don't think so, and a suitable excuse for asking never arose. The Folkerts are of Swiss or German stock, dignified and quietly firm when it comes to dispensing advice and information.

WELL SUPPLIED

In short order I was stocked up with Quill Gordons, Brown Spiders, Beaverkille, Turkey Wings and a Brown Fox, all in sizes 12 and 16. I was also informed that the best fishing was to be found "above the water," which was a new term to me.

Nowadays, it seems, the Esopus may be low, but it will never run too low because the level is controlled by engineers. They have blasted a tunnel under the mountains to pipe Schoharie water into the Esopus from the reservoir at Gilboa. They can, with the turn of a valve, adjust the flow to suit themselves, and this is the reason that even during a dry spell the level



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of the stream may change as much as three or four inches from one day to the next. Also they say this is the reason the Esopus is so muddy these days, for the Schoharie water is allegedly drawn out over a mudbank, bringing with it a plentiful supply of silt and what-have-you. By going "above the water" you avoid this mud and get clear water, which the tunnel has brought to the Esopus at 55°—perfect trout temperature.

It was my opinion that a little rain would work wonders with the fishing all along the Esopus, and Folkeet agreed, saying that the Cold Brook Station would be a good place to try.

This advice sounded good to me, since it looked like rain at any moment and, also, Cold Brook Station was close to home for me. Then too, Ed Zern once told me that he had run into a bunch of big rainbows just below this spot. It was several years ago, and he figured they must have been making their way upstream from the reservoir when he met them. He estimated that they weighed well over five pounds because he hooked three of them in succession and lost them on tackle with which he customarily landed salmon.

NOTHING BUT MUD

Well, it rained hard for two days and then quit. The situation looked perfect. I picked up my father and we headed for Cold Brook. Unfortunately, the Esopus was muddier than ever. Having nothing better to do, we drove upstream. Near Phoenicia the water was the color of cocoa. We decided to go above the water and see if it improved. If anything, it looked a lot worse.

Prepared to abandon the project, I was looking for a place in which to turn around when I noticed signboards warning of road construction work. I got a hunch about the muddy water and pushed on for a couple of miles until we drove out of the construction area. Sure enough, the mud had come from the rain's washing down the clay and red shale banks into the stream.

We had followed the construction into Big Indian valley and then left it behind. The next glimpse of the stream showed water as clear as you could want. Now all we had to do was find a parking place not too far from the stream. This was easier

continued



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19TH HOLE The readers take over

POINTS OF VIEW

Sirs:

Regarding your story on the Fullmer vs. Giardello fight (*A Mad Night in Montrose*, SI, May 2), I think that Giardello was robbed of the title because of poor officiating by Referee Harry Kessler.

LOUIS MANZIONE

Cedar Knolls, N.J.

Sirs:

Why Harry Kessler did not stop the fight and declare Fullmer the winner, I cannot understand.

RUSSELL R. RAYCLIFF

Mobile, Ala.

"BARUNA'S" FURTHER TRAVAILS

Sirs:

The spread of Baruna losing a spinaker was a great picture, to which your writer did justice (*Sail Hat*, SI, May 2). But, contrary to what he says, in the second race with *Bolero* a week later, Baruna did, in fact, suffer further sail damage. On the long beat to weather,



HAPLESS "BARUNA" RIPPING HER MAINSAIL

in the course of a headsail change, the interim jib got out of hand as it was being lowered. It thrashed about and beat a hole in the mainsail, which then split as though opened with a zipper (see above). It is quite premature, it would seem to me, to regard the long rivalry between Baruna and Bolero as decided.

JACK HEDDEN

San Francisco

● Sailor Hedden knows a little bit about boat-racing troubles himself. Celebes, his 69-foot ketch, burned out from under him in the 1958 San Francisco to Acapulco race (SI, Feb. 5, 1958). —ED.

THE OLD ORDER PASSETH

Sirs:

While I share your admiration for Ted Williams (*New Season—Old Ted*, SI, May 2), I disagree with the statement his re-

tirement will make baseball "less exciting for everybody." To me, no player, regardless of how great he is, can really hurt the game by leaving. All players are mere "actress on the stage" of the game—here for a while and, of course, inevitably gone—and the game rolls on with its highs, lows, and always the imminence of bright newcomers.

AL RAINOVIC

Milwaukee

IN DEFENSE OF LISTON

Sirs:

The facts you presented about Sonny Liston's police record are correct (*Big Punch, Small Chance*, SI, May 9), but I would like to point out two other things. One is that Sonny was only 17 years old when arrested for robbery in 1950. He was held in the St. Louis jail until he was 18, then sent to the state penitentiary. The other thing is that his fight with a policeman in 1956 occurred only after the officer reportedly shamed the Negro race and Liston's parents. And though Liston was convicted of stealing the policeman's gun, the boy merely emptied the revolver of its bullets and threw it back to the cop. As a boxing referee in St. Louis, I've known Liston for about five years.

BOB INGRAM

Ferguson, Mo.

DON'T TAKE MY SUNSHINE AWAY

Sirs:

When Tacoma weather and baseball were given space in your columns (*SCORCARD*, May 2), emphasis was put on the negative, not the positive. Certainly Tacoma's return to Pacific Coast League play, after an absence of 55 years, was partially marred by rain or drizzle, necessitating postponement of several early-season games. But rain checks are an accepted part of baseball. And to point out emphatically that the weather in Tacoma and the Puget Sound area is not conducive to baseball play is silly.

Moreover, Tacoma did not leave the Coast loop way back in '06 because of rainy or inclement weather, but rather because of dollar lack at the gate. I know: I was there.

ELLIOTT METCALF

Tacoma, Wash.

● The writer of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* story is also a native of Tacoma, and though he left when only 6, his recollection of the town is distinctly foggy. —ED.

FOR LOVE OF TENNIS

Sirs:

I noticed in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* April 25th issue the following statement

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

by George Barnes, president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association:

"The term 'love' confuses people. It tends to put the sport into the wrong category, namely, a *slimy game*."

I am sorry that Mr. Barnes treats "love" so lightly. I thought love, affection and friendship help make the world go round and a better place to live.

JULIAN S. MYRICK

New York City

● Reader Myrick is a former president of the USLTA, and his high regard for the social sense of "love" is much to be admired. But in tennis, as he appreciates, the word used to designate no score is presumably derived from the French *l'oeuf*, meaning egg. The egg's outline resembles, of course, a zero.—ED.

GOLF FOR WOMEN (AND MEN)

Sirs:

As a male weekend golfer, I was aghast when I noted the space assigned to Beverly Hanson's article (*Golf for Women*, *St.*, May 2). Visions of 10-minute delays and mangle chattering in the middle of my backswing caused a violent shudder. I almost dropped your magazine in disgust. Happily, I did not.

I read the article, went to bed early, and the next day, following her instructions, had the best round of my life. Absently I apologize for my first thoughts and extend warm thanks to Miss Hanson.

JOHN A. HASTINGS

Portland, Ore.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Sirs:

I imagine that a number of your Kentucky readers, among them me, are going to resent your calling Churchill Downs a ramshackle track (*SPECTACLE*, May 2). Now, I will admit that the scene of the great Kentucky Derby is not like one of those newer masonry monoliths, such as you have there in Aqueduct, but it is certainly not ramshackle. You'll have folks who have never visited Louisville thinking that the place is ready to fall down.

The Downs has been modernized in recent years, and compares very favorably to other running tracks around the country. It still retains its ancient twin spires and other reminders of that first Derby when Aristides came home in front. I have visited tracks over the land and, along with Belmont Park, I should classify the Downs as "venerable" in the best sense of the word.

I am no Johnny-come-lately, either. I imagine that I am one of the few living racing fans who saw the only filly ever to win the Run for the Roses, Regret, in 1915. I was then 7 years old, and can recall that my mother had a clubhouse admission badge calling for "ladies and boys in knickerbockers." I then, as did all boys that age, wore knickerbockers whether we liked it or not. I didn't.

MAJOR JOHN W. DUNDON (ret.)

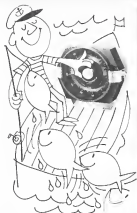
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Pat on the Back



THE PRITULAS

'I beat Mama'

Tournament badminton, because it requires the eye-muscle coordination of a falcon and the stamina of a plow horse, is not a child's game. Yet the Pritula children of Detroit have made winning badminton tournaments a family affair. Thirteen-year-old Sharon (center) is currently the 18-and-under national singles and doubles champion. Bobby, Sharon's twin brother, holds two national boys' titles and, with his younger brother Jimmy, reigns as the under-13 doubles champion. Together they have amassed 148 trophies. Little Suzie, who is just learning the game, did not

win her woolly dog. Father Vic took up badminton after an injury forced him to give up amateur hockey. Soon he and his wife Norma were winning tournaments. Three years ago Norma Pritula, then the defending Michigan champion, came up against Sharon in the state tournament. "I beat Mama," recalls Sharon. "I've been playing older women since I was 10 and wanted to win the title real bad, but I did feel funny afterward." To Mrs. Pritula the only drawback to winning is the trophies. "If these kids keep going," she complains, "I'll have to hire a maid to dust."

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